

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

October 1, 1949

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WAR IS MY BUSINESS
by a Canadian Mercenary

Also in this issue:

The Man Who Stole a Million



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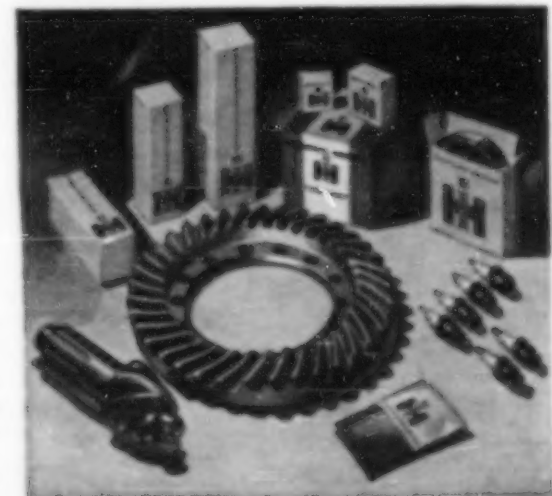
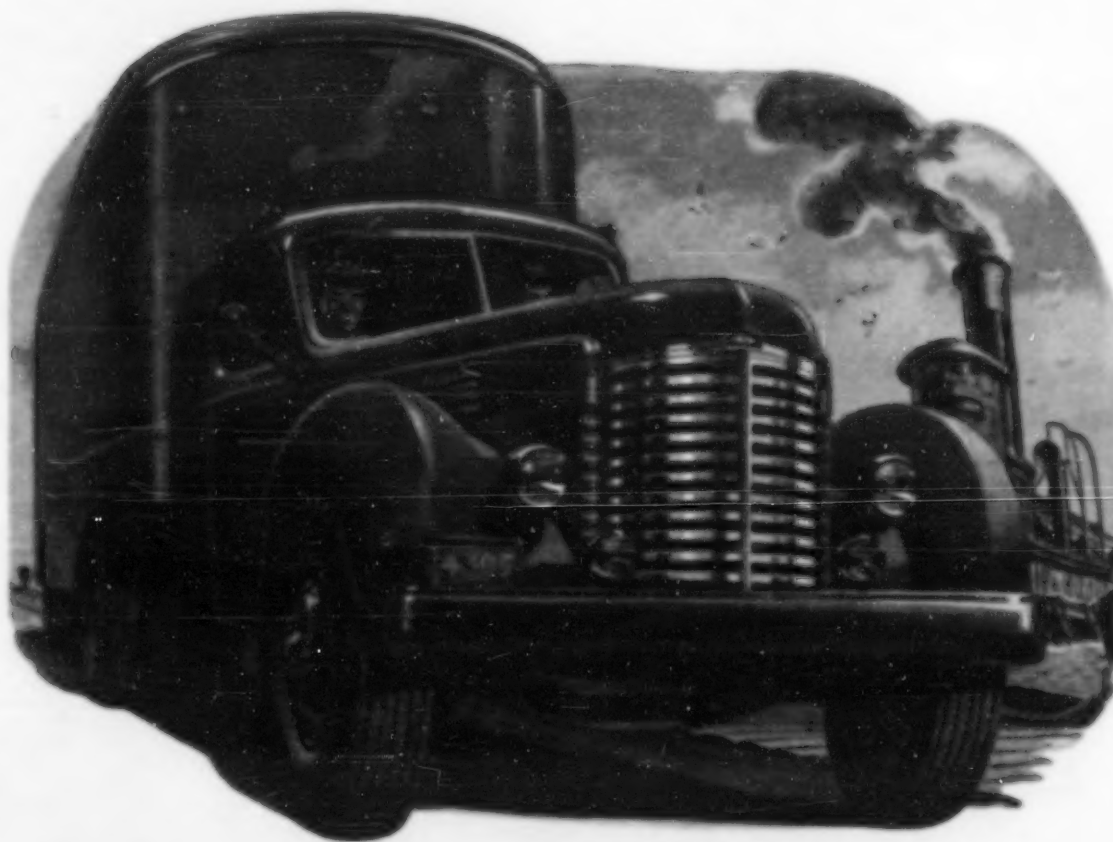
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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Whose Air Is It, Anyway?

EVEN Canadians seem to be hardly aware of it, but Canada is getting a raw deal in the execution of our recent aviation agreement with the United States.

Canada gave the United States air lines a privilege of major importance—full landing rights at the Canadian trans-Atlantic air station at Gander, Nfld. This was the biggest single concession on either side, and it went into effect immediately.

The most valuable concession that Canada won in return was the right to extend TCA service from Montreal to New York. This hasn't become effective yet, and apparently it won't for some time. Colonial Airlines, which now enjoys a monopoly of the Montreal-New York run, has challenged in the courts the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Board's right to make such agreements without the consent of the U. S. Senate. The resultant litigation will keep TCA out of New York for months, perhaps years.

Meanwhile, the Canada-U. S. aviation agreement is a lopsided bargain. The Americans are getting the full use of everything we gave them; Canada is getting no use of the major part of the price agreed upon.

Canada is now left with three alternatives. One is simply to wait and let the U. S. courts decide the issue.

Another is to cancel the American privileges granted at Gander. This would be an entirely defensible policy—after all, one half of a bargain is no bargain at all. The American air lines to suffer would be companies not involved in the

other dispute, but the blame for this injustice would not lie upon Canada.

A third possibility would be to re-examine the authority on which Colonial Airlines conducts its monopoly operation between New York and Montreal. It, too, rests on an agreement between Canada and the U. S. of precisely the same nature as the one which Colonial is now challenging. If the Civil Aeronautics Board has no authority to let TCA establish a service to New York, it had no authority to make the same arrangement, years ago, for Colonial. Why shouldn't Canada suspend Colonial's rights at Montreal until the whole question of the validity of these agreements is settled?

True, that would temporarily abolish all air travel between the two metropolitan centres; in a sense we'd be cutting off our nose to spite our face. But the effect would be far more serious for Colonial than for anybody else. This approach to the question might at least have the effect of hastening a decision—it would sharply diminish the incentive to use delaying tactics in the courts.

Whether or not such an extreme step is actually taken, Canada ought to press this matter with vigor and decisiveness. We all understand the constitutional difficulties that impede any U. S. Government from making a firm agreement. But maybe if the disadvantages of this situation became a little more mutual, the constitutional difficulties would diminish.

There Is No Room for a Hyphen

HUGH MACLENNAN, whose novel "Two Solitudes" showed so much insight into the problems of racial and cultural relations in Canada, has an idea for getting rid of "hyphenism" in Canada—the clumsy locutions "French-Canadian" and "English-Canadian."

He suggests that everybody in Canada, of either language, get the habit of using both the English and French words for "Canadian." Thus a Toronto man, speaking of a Quebecer, would say not "He is a French-Canadian" but

"He is a *Canadien* (pronounced, roughly, Canahd-yien)." And the Quebecer, speaking of the Torontonians, would say, "*Il est un Canadien.*"

If school children of both languages were taught to describe themselves this way hyphenism could disappear in one generation. The CBC operates in both languages and might start the ball rolling right away.

It's a simple notion, but it strikes us as brilliant.

Confidence in the future... based on **SECURITY NOW!**



MOST MEN are much more hopeful of their future progress than in their past or present . . . They feel that every year brings them closer to the better-paying job or an increased income from business or profession for which they have spent long years of preparation.

They are building the future financial happiness of their families and themselves on this assumption . . .

While two out of three of them will live long enough to see their plans through to completion, all other things being equal, the third man's family will have vital need for the security which can only be afforded by Life Insurance . . . And none of the three knows now which man he will be!

That is the reason why so many men in their twenties and thirties are turning to the purchase of Excelsior Life Family Income policies so that they may have confidence in the future based on Security Now!

Assuming that you are now 30 years old and in first-class health, while your wife is 29 . . .

★ IF YOU do not live to reach Age 50, your widow will receive:

- (a) **\$200.00** a month until the time when you would have been 50
- (b) Then, after the income ends, she will receive the basic amount of the policy—**\$10,000.00.**

In other words, your widow could receive a maximum of **\$58,000** if you should "pass out of the picture" within a month of paying the first premium.

★ 2 **INSTEAD** of taking the **\$10,000** in cash, twenty years from now, she may accept a monthly income of **\$39.50** for life, guaranteed for ten years in any event.

★ 3 **IF YOU LIVE PAST 50**, the "Family Income" feature is discontinued but the **\$10,000** is still payable at your death.

★ 4 **AT 65** you may stop paying the premiums and secure a paid-up policy worth **\$7,440.00** in event of your death.

★ 5 **YOU PAY** \$273.00 annually or \$24.20 monthly for the first 16 years.

★ 6 **YOU PAY** \$156.80 annually or \$13.90 monthly for the remaining years.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TORONTO

☆Please send me particulars of the "FAMILY INCOME" Policy

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Date of birth.....

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The
EXCELSIOR
INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY

A STRONG CANADIAN COMPANY

Get rid of
DANDRUFF over-night?
Ha! Ha! Ha!



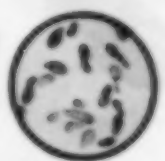
YOU MAY think you're getting rid of it when you see flakes and scales disappear after your usual hair washing methods. But don't kid yourself, Brother. They can come back fast! Matting your hair! Clogging your scalp! Speckling your coat-shoulders!

Unfortunately, dandruff is often a persistent condition that doesn't easily yield to soap and water, or to preparations devoid of germ-killing power. It should be treated with *real antiseptic action*—to kill germs associated with the condition.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

That's why, at the first sign of flakes or scales, you should get busy at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. As Listerine Antiseptic spreads over scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*).

You'll be delighted to see how quickly



The "Bottle Bacillus," scientifically known as "*P. ovale*," is one of the stubborn germs associated with dandruff.

flakes and scales begin to disappear—how clean and healthy your scalp feels, how natural your hair looks. If flakes and scales persist, the treatment should be kept up regularly twice a day.

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Canada) Ltd.,
Toronto, Ontario.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... the tested treatment

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence

WHEN Blondin Walked the Falls" on pages 16 and 17 is the first of a new series of features we're calling Maclean's Flashbacks. These articles, which will appear frequently but not in every issue, are selected from the great news stories which are just over the hill of memory in the minds of most readers.

The Blondin story is a good example of what we intend to present in this informal series. We'd heard enough about Blondin to know it was a fascinating and almost incredible story but it wasn't until we saw Catherine Leach's manuscript that we realized just how amazing the story really was.

As Miss Leach and our other Flashback writers have learned, there is only one way to achieve this high-fidelity lighting, only one way to recapture the sound and color and thrills of an event long past—arduous research. Miss Leach spent hours in libraries reading brittle yellowed newspaper files, bringing together as she has here much material which has appeared only in piecemeal and unrelated form before.

Rex Woods learned the same stern lesson all over again when he came to do the illustration. Starting where the writer left off, he asked many questions which were not vital to the article but were essential to him before he took brush in hand.

"I made a couple of trips to Niagara Falls," he said. "And on the American side I took a taxi to the cliff edge overlooking the Whirlpool Rapids, the spot where Blondin rigged his rope in 1860. The taxi driver, an ex-GI, was helpful and suggested angles from which I could take pictures while he told me about the cable car which ran up the mountain to Hitler's eyrie in Berchtesgaden.



The artist was the right weight.

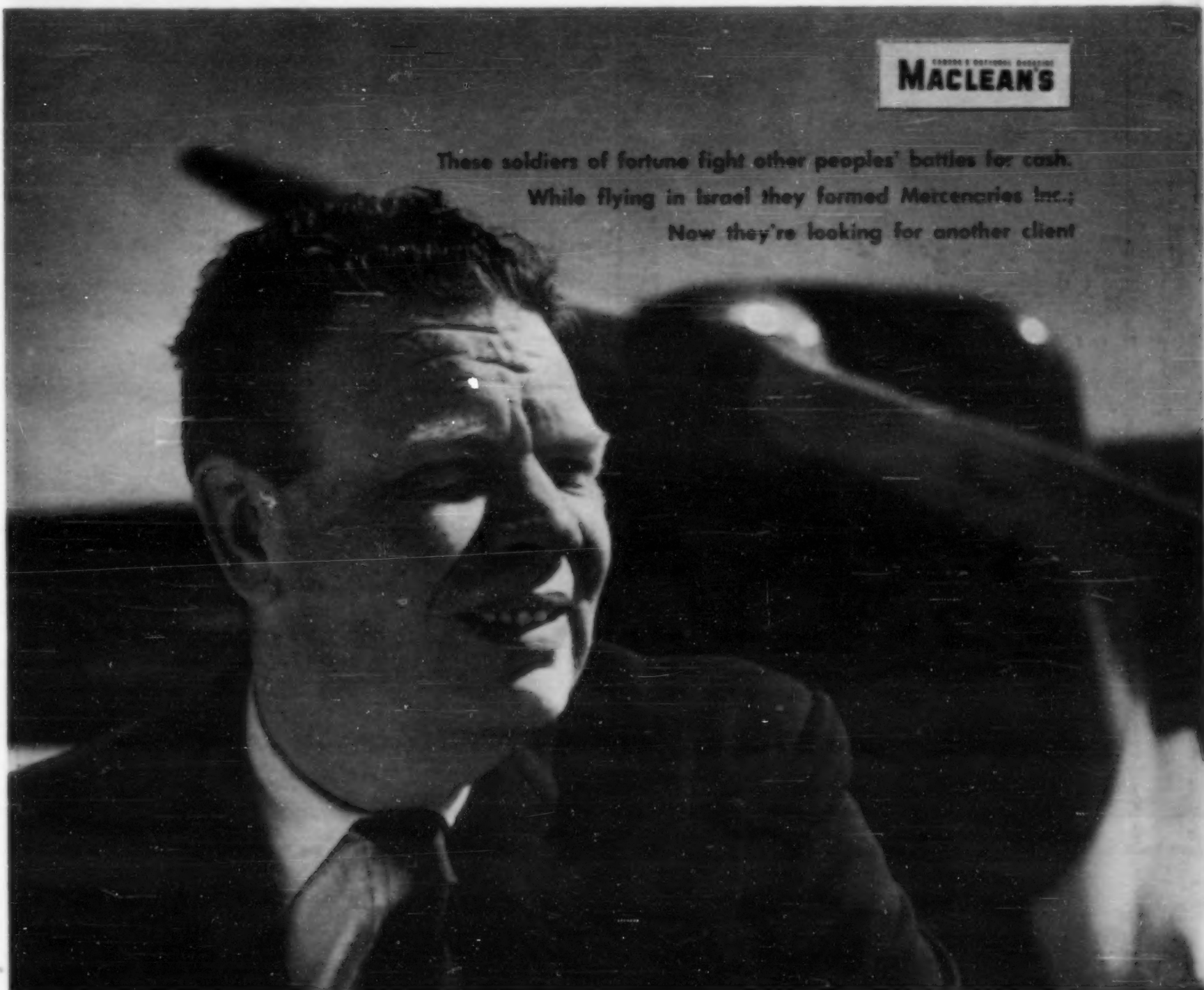
He helped liberate the place in the last war.

"When it came time to select models for the painting I decided I would qualify for both since Blondin weighed 140 pounds and Colcord (the man he carried on his back) 135. I was about the right weight and besides much easier to direct than another model, I felt. My wife was a ballerina with the Metropolitan for a number of years and still had a pair of tights around the house. Wearing these I was able to simulate Blondin's costume. I made a moustache and goatee and applied them with scotch tape and my wife took photographs of the result.

"Apart from some odd looks from the neighbors who stopped to watch me walking around the garden balancing a pole the work went along very well."



Rex Woods (he worked hard this issue) didn't see last year's East-West rugby final but he heard it from outside Toronto's Varsity Stadium. Rex never did get a ticket but he got the idea for this cover. "I was impressed that the excitement of the game seeped through the walls and held off of us ticketless unfortunate outside in its spell. Some of the men adventurous climbed trees, telephone poles and the lighting standards. The picture is based on Varsity Stadium but I had to do a major moving job to get in all the items of interest. I had to put in a gate and wicket where none exists."



MACLEAN'S

These soldiers of fortune fight other peoples' battles for cash.
While flying in Israel they formed Mercenaries Inc.;
Now they're looking for another client

WAR IS MY BUSINESS

By JAMES W. PEARS with John Clare

Chapter Member
Local 88
Mercenaries Inc.

James W. Pears
Soldier of Fortune

Planes Flown All Types Night and Day
Wars Fought Reasonable Rates

I'M NOT WORKING at my trade as I write this having just returned from a job in Israel where 30 Canadian and American pilots formed Mercenaries Inc. while we were fighting for the Jews against the Arabs. (The Local 88 is just a gag; we're the only chapter.)

I was in Israel from November of last year until this June, eight months. I was paid \$600 a month and expenses, \$150 of it on the job and the rest deposited to my account in Toronto.

Most of us in Mercenaries Inc. are veterans of World War II. I was a pilot in the RCAF and logged 2,000 hours during the war and another 500 in Israel. I flew combat with 98 Squadron of the RAF in Mitchells for 2nd T.A.F. and later was sent to Transport Command flying from U. K. to Ceylon. On one trip we carried Lady Mountbatten.

All of us who fought in Israel, except two pilots who stayed to train Israeli fliers, are back in Canada or the U. S. waiting for our next flying and fighting assignment. Our manager (I guess you'd call him that), Chalmers ("Slick") Goodlin, is working on a deal now. We're asking \$1,500 a month and work for the whole crew. We'll fight, bomb, instruct, haul freight—in fact we offer a complete service.

I don't know whether the government with which we are dickering will go for it or not. If we talked about it now they certainly wouldn't so I can't say too much. I will say this though. We won't fight for any Communists and we would never fight against our recent employers and our friends the Jews. They treated us fine. They lived up to the letter of their agreement with us, even to the dots on the "I's."

My money was paid in my hometown, Toronto, promptly on the fifth or sixth of every month in Canadian dollars by the same organization that signed me up and had me flying from Canada to Israel almost as soon as our deal was completed. They gave us each \$10,000 insurance in case we got bumped off. Two of the mercenaries were killed while I was there.

In Israel the boss, however, sometimes had a little trouble raising the pay roll. When the war was on we never

Continued on page 57

SAVE WITH AUSTIN

YOUR ANSWER TO THE MOUNTING COST OF MOTORING

While automobile prices and motoring costs have been soaring ever skyward, many people have expressed the hope that some manufacturer might produce an inexpensive car that is economical to operate, but which fulfills the single primary function of an automobile—that of safe, comfortable, dependable transportation.

The Austin A40 Devon is just that. Its purchase price is lower than you'd expect for such

a generously proportioned car. Note its economy of operation with greater mileages—up to 40 m.p.g.—and lower maintenance costs. It's a style standout modernly streamlined with just a suggestion of continental influence. Its top performance will be appreciated when you get behind that Austin wheel—greater manoeuvrability, easier parking, a compact, powerful, valve-in-head engine with an unusually high compression ratio for "first from the light" starts and high touring speeds.

NOTE—GENUINE AUSTIN A40 REPLACEMENT PARTS AND SPECIALIZED SERVICE ARE READILY AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT CANADA AND UNITED STATES.

You'll like **EVERYTHING** about this astonishing new Austin—especially the big savings that bring motoring costs down to pre-war levels. But see it—drive it yourself and be convinced. The friendly Austin Dealer in your locality will be happy to arrange a demonstration. See him without delay!



A40 DEVON

- the car for CANADIANS

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

graduated to trick riding on the Wall of Death; and who occasionally hopped off to the Far East to buy elephants, tigers and crocodiles for resale to other circus and carnival men. Brannon considers a 60% profit "average" for his animal expeditions.

Brannon contributed the Motordrome and four daredevils to their pooled resources. But Jean remained the boss. "I just kind of steady and guide her," Brannon says.

After their marriage the couple set themselves up with a hunting lodge near Dawson Creek, B.C., and an estate on the Colorado River in Arizona which they are developing into a luxury trailer park.

The very morning the show opened in Three Rivers, Brannon went to Montreal to pay \$12,000 cash for a new racehorse game which was booth and trailer combined and could be opened or closed in two minutes. Small-timers don't have that sort of money to splash on a whim.

When I met her Jean was wearing a thonged Indian jacket, maroon slacks and high-heel cowboy boots. Her hair was uncombed, she was without make-up and a splash of last night's gravy was on her blouse.

Underneath the tassels was a provocative show-girl figure. There was magnetism in the clean, strong bone-lines of her tawny face.

Her mouth, thin, wide, subtle and occasionally

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

drawn hard over magnificent teeth, hinted at the financial sorcery which had made her one of the richest women in carnival.

Lesser showfolk had fled the grubby Conklin Show Train to the French beds, decor and cuisine of Three Rivers' celebrated Chateau de Blois. But Jean and her husband, who were paying \$20 a week for their compartment on the train, were content to remain in the freight yards and live on the club car's hamburgers. "Why fling money around?" she said.

Toward the end of this month, when the northern winds begin to nip the fun out of the last fall fairs in Ontario, Jean will boss a crew of husky gangsters as they load monkeys, dogs, alligators, motorbikes, hula skirts, ostrich fans, curtains, footlights, placards, and banners into four trucks, four trailers, and the trunk of a 1949 scarlet sedan. Then she will label the whole outfit "Manila."

Like many other showfolk she has discovered that her carnival receipts for 1949 will be 20% down on 1948 figures. So she has decided to work all winter in the Philippines instead of resting in Arizona.

This will be the first time she has ever taken her tents outside Canada. But after 10 years of

boom she senses a threat in the public's tightening purse strings. "The honeymoon is over," she says. "We must grab our money while we can."

She had been thinking it over on the monotonous five-day drag from Prince Albert, Sask. Others among the several hundred aboard the train are planning to make the same trip.

Next spring Jean will return to Canada to play the long chain of three, four and seven-day stands she has covered every year since she was a kid.

This tour leads from Edmonton, Alta., to Ram-frew, Ont., via a looping movement round Three Rivers, Sherbrooke and Quebec City. It is notorious among wandering performers for its endless succession of loading and unloading and for days and nights traveling to the sound of sleepless humans groaning and the eerie cries of jungle animals.

"It was tough for a teen-ager," said Jean of her early life with the show. "Sometimes men tried to get me drunk. One guy was always pinching me. I hit him and he slipped and smashed his head through a cupboard. He was crazy with humiliation and said he would kill me. He jumped at me one night on a ferry. In the struggle we both fell overboard and had to be fished out. That cooled him off. If a girl shows determination she soon gets respect."

During the hungry

Continued on page 58

At 15 she ran away with a carnival, became a lion tamer. Now they call her Canada's top show-woman.





Jean trains cubs and chorines. Torchy Duval does a Sally Rand.



Jean has taken a turn on the Wall. That's husband Brannon right.

QUEEN OF THE MIDWAY

Step right up! Showing on the inside! See the secrets of Gay Paree! See the daredevils riding the Wall of Death! See the monsters of the Pit! And meet colorful Jean Nanson who runs the whole show

By MCKENZIE PORTER

LADIES and Gentlemen," bawled the black-eyed barker in shimmering white dress and silver-fox cape outside the Gay Paree girls show on the Three Rivers fairground. "Here is Salome. Rajahs have offered her thousands to enter their harems. I don't know whether you boys have ever been in a harem . . . Let Salome show you what goes on."

In the glare of the showlights the bobbing faces, sheepish, owlish, goggle-eyed, pressed closer to the tent.

"And here is Nina. Nina does the rumba. You can all see she has plenty to rumba with . . ."

"Now, Torchy Duval, the star of our show!"

As red-haired Torchy stepped forward on the outdoor platform a hired French relief barker roared into the mike, "Ooooh la-laaaah!"

"Torchy's fan dance will burn you up. Men have gone mad . . ."

About 50 people filed in paying 50 cents each.

The performers disappeared, suggesting the show was about to begin. But the audience was not big enough. Out came the troupe again. This time a guitar trio hired locally twanged away encouragingly. The spiel was repeated in French.

Another 50 filed in and the corny 20-minute show began. From noon to midnight in the sharp fall weather, the same routine.

The black-eyed barker (looking at her you thought immediately of Dorothy Lamour) was 32-year-old Jean Nanson, owner of Gay Paree, Pit of Death, Motordrome and Monkeyland—a traveling sideshow outfit on the North American outdoor amusement trail. She rates as Canada's top show-woman.

Born near Namur, Belgium, Jean was brought to Canada in the early 20's by her father, a circus horse trainer. They settled in Edmonton.

In 1932 a carnival hit the western city. Nanson, senior, warned: "Don't you go near that show. We've had enough of that life in our family." An hour later Jean was bantering with a lion tamer. He bet her a lion cub she daren't enter his cage

full of big cats and polar bears during a performance. She won the cub and ran away with the show.

A few weeks later she won a \$100 bet that she daren't take the cub up in the open cockpit of a stunting airplane. "It was easy," she said.

While training her cub she took a whirl at every job down the midway including the nautch dance, wrestling the python, motorbiking round the Wall of Death, peddling frozen custard, driving the Ferris Wheel, calling Bingo and barking for a strong man.

Once she hit the bell on the High Striker 10 times running to prove to a buck navy that it was skill that counted, not strength.

She started to breed German sheep dogs in the hope of getting a pure-white litter. Two white pups, the progeny of 15 years selective mating, were being unloaded the morning I met Jean Nanson in the railyards of Quebec's Trois Rivières. She has refused \$2,000 for those pups, plans to use them with a black stallion in a musical act next year.

After 17 years on the road Jean can claim to have hit the top of her trade. The Conklin brothers, Patty and Frank, who have built one of the biggest outdoor amusement businesses on the continent, gave Jean her first break. Now they say, "There is nobody else quite like her" and she sticks loyally with them. Prince Denny, the elegant midget, says, "She's queen of the midway."

In 17 years she climbed by sweat, finesse and abracadabra from her own single act of child lion tamer to queen bee of four major concessions and a group of gaming stalls.

Three years ago she was married to a chunky, mild-mannered man in his middle 40's, John T. Brannon who, in 1923, held the American 100-mile motorcycle speed record (1 hr. 11 sec.), who

She dreamed up a theory to rid her life of all male complications. It worked well enough till she met a young man who had no respect at all for theories

By JEROME BARRY

HE LOOKED absurdly helpless, standing there with startled eyes watching the washing machine spout suds all over the cement floor, but that wasn't why Lydia Barton took pity on him. He was not an unattractive young man, in a rough and ready way; he had the rude approximation of good looks you'd find in a linoleum-block profile that had been cut by a fairly proficient Christmas card amateur. Yet under ordinary circumstances even that wouldn't have got more than a second glance from Lydia. That was because she had a Theory.

One by one most of the bright young men among the tenants in the brisk new six-story brick apartment house where she lived—all modern conveniences, including coin-slot washing machines in the basement laundry—had approached Lydia. In the self-service elevator or before the well-polished brass mailboxes they had made their bids for acquaintanceship, using proved techniques. After even a casual glance at Lydia, you couldn't blame them.

And one by one she made them understand the Theory. In few words, frank and honest and pulling no punches, she laid it before them and let them go their way. The chilled-off gallants got around to mentioning her to one another. They called her the Deep-Freeze Diana. She didn't know and wouldn't have cared a great deal. She'd have felt that they weren't wise enough to appreciate the plain truth of the Theory.

It was a very sensible one. She had evolved it soon after she came to the city and found that even people who lived in neighboring apartments didn't automatically say hello when they met, as next-door neighbors always did in Cobleskill. With characteristic straightforward clarity she saw the answer; the emotions are not limitless, and one person hasn't a great enough fund of inner self to spread over a million or so neighbors. You'd wear your psyche thin trying. Therefore city people learn to save themselves for the few persons and things that matter. Lydia's psyche was very sensibly concentrated on two things—her work as artist at Mercantile Engraving and her future. That future had room in it for Cary Armour, sales representative for Mercantile. It had nothing to do with other young men, especially one who stood in front of a furiously spurning washer with his big square chin hanging down.

This one glanced at her wildly once, as if for help. She had seen him before, but he had never tried to be chummy. Now at last he seemed about to speak to her, but he thought better of it and turned back to the leather volcano that was churning and spouting, spouting and churning. White froth ran ankle deep on the cement.

Then she saw in the pile of colored things, sorted out and waiting for his second batch, the little dresses.

"You put in too much soap flakes!" she called above the mumble of the machines. "Get the broom the porter keeps behind the door. You can sweep the suds down that drain."

He hastened to obey, brooming froth vigorously until his rabid washer decided to stop foaming at the mouth and began chuckling over its rinse water. After a while he slid a sheepish glance toward the bench where Lydia was reading a magazine by the glare of the bare overhead bulb. In dark-blue

slacks, red sandals and a striped Basque shirt, with her honey-colored hair tied back smoothly in a tail at the nape of her neck, she was the one bright spot among blank walls and sterile white enamel, yet the eyes that looked up to meet his were almost as bleakly impersonal as the washers until she remembered. A young father. No great threat to the Theory.

He smiled gratefully at the change in her expression. "My first crack at this. I don't know the ropes very well. Boss couldn't come down, so I offered to take a hack at it."

"Not ill, I hope."

"Well, no. New baby coming, that's all."

"How old is the old one?" She nodded at the little dresses.

"Ellie? She's two and a half. Cutest little rascal you ever—"

He leaped from his bench. His washer had suddenly gone mad again; some inner fury was shaking it at a tremendous rate until the floor trembled with its jiggling, although Lydia's machine went contentedly ahead with the placid mousing of the cud of soapy clothes behind the round glass window.

"What did I do wrong now?" He hovered anxiously over the frenzied galoper.

Lydia laughed. "Nothing this time. It always acts like that; it's spinning the water out of the clothes. Mine'll do the same."

"Oh?" He relaxed and grinned at her. "Boy, am I dumb about this! It's not in my line." He came and sat down on the other end of her bench, looking at her with a warm friendliness that included hair ribbon, red sandals and points between. She was suddenly aware that he had good strong planes in his face, well-muscled arms below the short sleeves of his sport shirt and the kindly, unworried approachability of a big, shaggy dog.

A little alarm bell rang in the back of her head. *Keep out of my life, brother; No room; She picked up her magazine and retire into it inhospitably.*

"Funny thing," he chuckled. "I work for an advertising outfit—Clark, Satterthwaite and Clark—my name's Davies—Tom Davies—and we've put on some big national campaigns for different washing machines; but I never dropped a dime in one in my life before now."

She gave him a cool glance and returned to the printed page. The rebuff of her pointed silence was louder than the jiggling machines. One more remark from him and she'd have to tell him, just like the others.

He looked at her with a curiosity that was neither abashed nor impudent. He said mildly, "If you intended to put the chill on me, why the devil did you speak in the first place? I didn't ask you to."

She flushed. The lovely head came up sharply. "I wouldn't have, my dear man, except for the dresses."

"Ellie's dresses?"

"I saw that you were that harmless type of humanity, the young father."

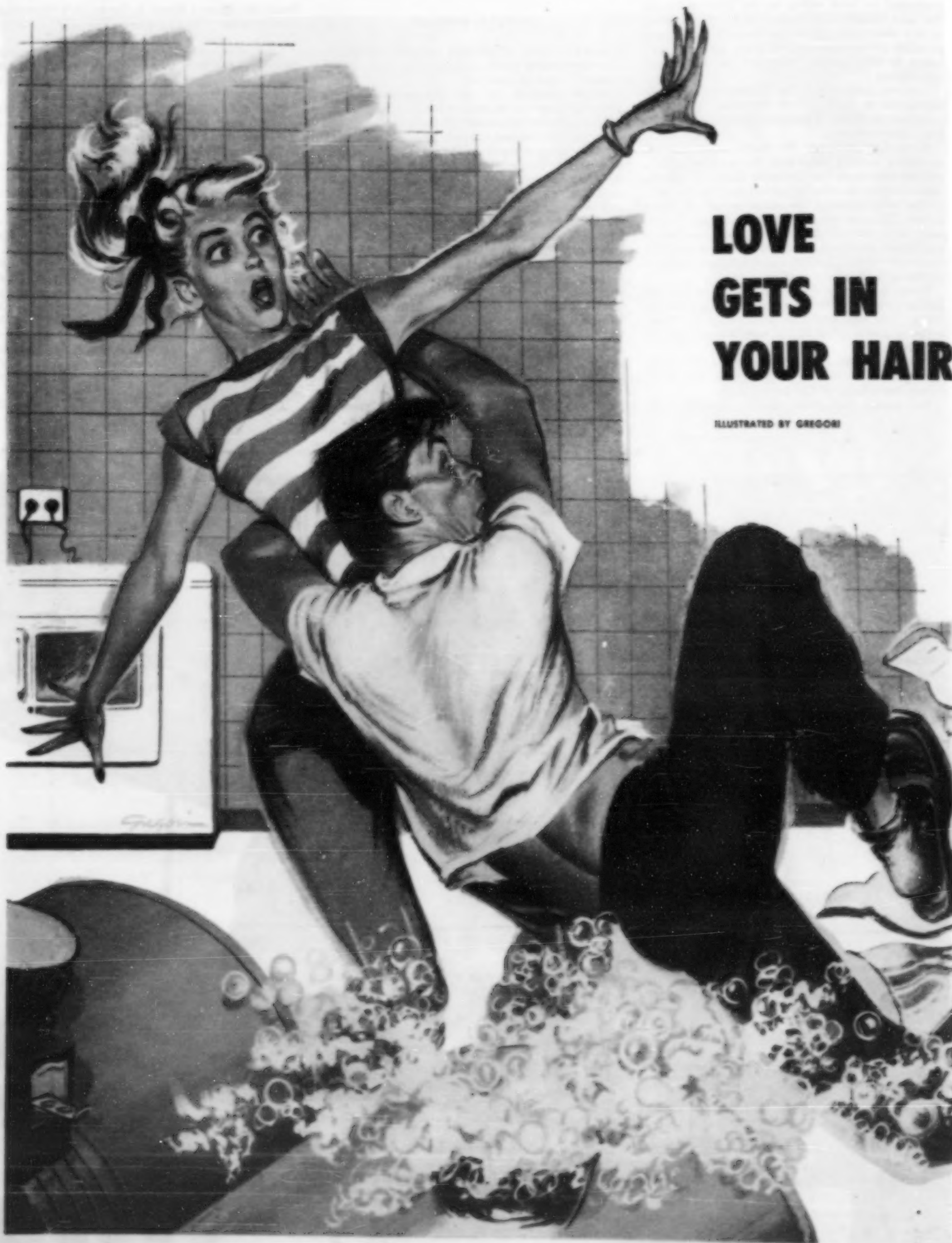
He looked at her with quizzical speculation for a few long seconds. "I see. Otherwise you'd have remained the Deep-Freeze Diana."

"The what?"

Continued on page 54

Cary said from the doorway, "Charming domestic scene!"





LOVE GETS IN YOUR HAIR

ILLUSTRATED BY GREGORI

and that one thing is this: Dennis the man differs very little from Dennis the boy and Dennis the youth. Even in his early years he was what he was on the day of his final arrest: handsome, charming, clever and crooked. It almost seems as if he had the Raffles mentality since he was barely able to toddle.

One of the earliest memories a friend of the family has of young Dennis is of him at one of his mother's fashionable teas, hanging over the balcony, an angelic expression on his face, deftly swiping a cookie off each tray as they were being carried into the dining room.

Visitors at his trial were impressed by his appearance—his debonair grooming, expensive shark-skin suit, silk shirt and heavy cuff links (made from stolen gold). This was the same Dennis whose parents once combed every store in St. Catharines to find clothes stylish enough for him.

He was devilishly attractive to women—5 ft. 10½ in., 160 pounds, blue eyes, wavy chestnut hair. When the newspapers published the picture of Dennis, cigarette in lips, which appears on this page, the jailer in White Plains, N.Y., was swamped with letters from women all over the U. S., Canada and Mexico, containing extravagant amorous offers. Dennis had always prized his smooth complexion and clean good looks. As a teenager in St. Catharines he smeared olive oil on his face each night before bed.

As a boy he preferred the social pages to the comics. As a man he robbed the homes of socialites. In the summer of 1946 he took \$64,000 in loot from four homes on Long Island. In six months his Hollywood loot included \$15,000 from songwriter Max Gordon, \$20,180 from Loretta Young, \$257,775 from socialite Thomas R. Winans.

He planned his burglaries carefully, reading the social columns, visiting night clubs, studying gems and furs from displays and library books. He secured aerial photos of places to be robbed. He kept notes on the habits of Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Henry J. Kaiser Jr., and Lady Thelma Furness. When arrested he was carrying a list of victims-to-be. They ranged all the way from Jack Benny to Hedy Lamarr.

As a lad in his middle teens Dennis was a favorite with older folk in St. Catharines who found him polite and considerate—always ready with a chair, a hand to carry parcels, or help with an overcoat.

Just as the twig is bent . . . At 17 (below) Dennis was already a thief in police files. At 29 (right) he had stolen a million and earned a scholarship to Sing Sing. The boy who pinched pineapples went on to diamonds, mink, and the end of the road.



Gerard Dennis stole women's hearts and a million in jewels and furs on his inevitable journey to jail. Here's how his fate was forged

When he robbed Charles Leff at gunpoint of \$8,000 he promised to leave Leff's car intact after using it as a getaway. He kept the promise. When he robbed the home of Mrs. T. H. Lewis and heard she was Loretta Young he remarked, "I would never have done that if I'd known. She's my favorite star." He withdrew from one large estate when he found it belonged to Bing Crosby whom he also admired.

Even in his early teens Dennis was interested in beautiful women. Significantly they all seemed to follow a set pattern: they were young, fresh-

looking, extraordinarily attractive, unsophisticated and strictly brought up.

Gertrude, his first wife, whom he married when he was 19, came from a small town near St. Catharines and was regarded as a local beauty. She circumvented her parents by meeting Dennis when she was supposed to be taking music lessons in Welland. He deserted her and his two children after a few years of marriage. Yet today she says, "Apart from the one twist in his mind he was one of the finest men I've ever met."

Dennis' second serious *Continued on page 51*





From a quiet street in St. Catharines, Ont., crisscrossing the continent to the New Rochelle (N.Y.) police station, stretches the twisted path of handsome Gerard Dennis. His big time society burglaries in Canada and U. S. won him the nickname "Ra'Yes."

HOW DID RAFFLES GET THAT WAY?

By SIDNEY KATZ

IT WAS a sweltering hot Tuesday in the middle of July in the Westchester County Court, White Plains, N.Y., when Judge Elbert T. Gallagher sentenced Gerard Graham ("Raffles") Dennis to serve 18 years to life in Sing Sing Prison.

Dennis reddened, closed his eyes tightly for a moment, brushed aside his tears, walked quietly to his cell.

Thus ended the career of one of the most flamboyant lawbreakers of modern times. The little boy from St. Catharines, Ontario, who once pilfered pineapples from a fruit stand, had stolen a million dollars worth of jewels and furs.

A New York police chief called him "the greatest burglar who ever operated."

What made Gerard Dennis run? Why did this handsome, clever young man choose the strange life of crime which has sent him to jail for the best years of his life? To find the answer hidden behind the flaming newspaper headlines I went down to the Niagara Peninsula, visited Dennis' old haunts and talked to his friends and family.

To a social worker, one thing stands out in the case history of Gerard Dennis, this real-life Raffles,



Betty Ritchie knew Dennis as Jerry McKay, inventor. Found in their Beverly Hills apartment was \$120,000 in jewels and furs.



Eleanor Harris was swept off her feet by Dennis when they met in a Toronto factory. But he eventually deserted her in New York.



Gloria Howard was Dennis' Delilah. She was picked up selling his stolen jewels, helped police for 18 months to catch him.

By GEORGE HERALD

BONN, GERMANY—The 30-year-old German in the white collar shouted excitedly at me: "You see, we could have won! We could have been the victors! Well, next time we will know better."

Next time. Yes, the man sitting beside me in the suburban train near Bremen, jarred out of his sullen acceptance of defeat, was thinking of the next time. In the bitter millions of Germany's defeated, how many cherish this twisted dream?

I looked past him, through the train window, at the desolate ruins war had brought his country. It was the ruins which had touched off the explosion.

The German had been reading the best-selling pamphlet, "Hitler, the War Lord," by General Franz Halder, former chief of staff of the Wehrmacht. Suddenly he looked up, exclaiming, "That dirty Hitler! That scoundrel, that impostor! Why on earth did they ever listen to him?"

He seemed to be seeing the light a little late, but I felt I should say something. I pointed at the passing ruins.

"Yes," I said, "it sure doesn't pay to start a war."

The German stared at me for a second, then shouted in excitement: "What do you mean 'to start a war?' The trouble is that he lost it."

He held up Halder's pamphlet. "Here, read what Halder himself writes: 'Had Hitler followed the advice of the General Staff the campaign against Russia could have been successfully concluded.'"

"And here: 'The amateurish blunders of this charlatan were a disgrace to all our traditions in the noble art of war.'"

That pamphlet sold 100,000 copies its first week of publication in a Germany twice thrashed in world wars within a generation.

I have been touring that Germany trying to find out what four years of Western-style democracy have accomplished. I am not going to try to draw you a picture of high-level diplomacy, of trends, or influences. I'm not going to try to balance the success of the Berlin air-lift against the dismantling of Ruhr factories. I'll just take you along with me, looking at Western Germany, talking to the people we fought and defeated.

One Sunday morning I went down to the Bonn steamship station to buy tickets for a boat trip on the Rhine. There was a long queue of excursionists waiting. I joined them. However, two Britons also traveling pointed at a printed notice in the window. It decreed, under the date of February, 1946, that Allied military and civilian personnel had priority at all times. We said we preferred to wait for our turn, but the Britons moved to the head of the line. Well, you ought to have seen the reaction of the Germans in the queue!

"Who do these two think they are?" we heard them mutter. "Diese verdammten Engländer!"—"Just wait until it's we who are on top again!"

One tall young fellow remarked with an ironic grin: "Of course! The master race!"

Many Germans today are no longer the spineless creatures who wheedled around our soldiers in the summer of 1945. They have won back their self-confidence and are beginning to get tired of the occupiers. The same old nationalism that made Hitler's rise possible is rampant again and is looking for new forms of expression.

In May the U. S. Military Government polled 3,000 Germans on the question: "Do you feel Nazism was a good idea badly carried out?" Sixty-one per cent answered "Yes."

The revival of chauvinism doesn't prevent these people from taking full advantage of Marshall Plan benefits though.

In Düsseldorf, my wife and I had a lunch date with Kurt Eberhard, a journalist who assisted me in Frankfurt in 1947. At that time Kurt was so thin and sickly that I

Continued on page 45

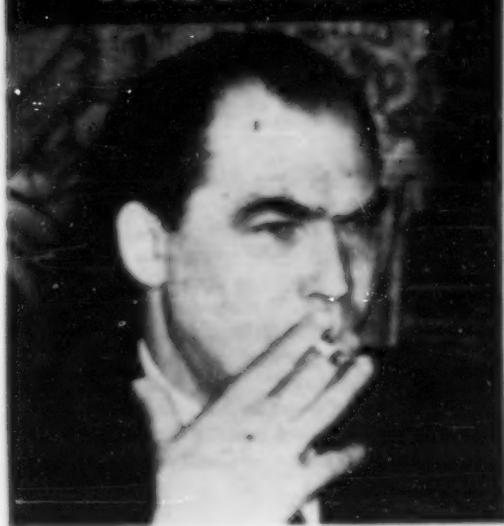
GERMANY DREAMS OF THE NEXT TIME

An old sickness infects Germany as Nazis come out of her past to play East against West for her future



The Luftwaffe started in this way in the 30's. Now forbidden flying, Germans get into air with models.

LONDON LETTER



Russian Ambassador Zorubín: Does Josef Stalin keep a deathwatch on England?

Everybody's Seeing Red

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

THE TELEPHONE is an instrument which has almost human qualities inasmuch as it talks too much or too little. To young people in the throes of romance there is nothing more crushing to the spirit than the telephone which does not ring. To others of us, not so heavily engaged in romance, it can be an insufferable nuisance.

Yet even when one feels like hurling the confounded thing out of the window there is a basic curiosity which is always roused. One of the few good things in the play "The Voice of the Turtle" was when the lovers decided not to answer the telephone. There they sat while the instrument went on ringing. It was almost too much for the audience and we half expected to see someone leap across the footlights to find out who was on the line.

This time of the year in London the telephone enjoys a perfect debauch of activity. How easy and natural it is to say to someone in Milwaukee or Chicago or Winnipeg: "If you're ever in London do look me up." And why not? They have been kindness itself and the least we can do is to reciprocate. But the only trouble is that they do not stagger their visits. They all turn up in a heap together with other good people bearing letters of introduction. During an important debate in the Commons one day last week I showed no less than six successive groups of visiting kinsmen from the Dominions around the Palace of Westminster. As for Charles I. and Cromwell, I began to wish they had been smothered in their cradles.

Any ambition to end my days as a professional guide is waning fast.

Yesterday, however, brought me someone different, someone who was unknown and certainly had no claims of kinship. He spoke English well but with a mid-European accent and told me on the phone that he had escaped from prison in one of the iron curtain countries. He seemed intelligent and sincere so, as it was very hot, we asked him to lunch in the garden.

Because this man has *Continued on page 39*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

A Liberal Bundle for Britain?

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

WHETHER or not they actually presented it during the Washington talks, the Labor Government of Britain has a bill against the Liberal Government of Canada—for political services rendered. Twice during the campaign, each time at Canada's request, Britain went out of her way to help the Grits win votes.

Before Parliament was dissolved, C. D. Howe flew to London and sold the British an extra \$25 millions of food, lumber and other goods. By an odd coincidence, each item in Mr. Howe's package was of special importance to voters in some region of Canada. Britain would rather have had the dollars than the goods, but yielded to Mr. Howe's blunt sales talk: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Second, and less widely observed, was the timing of the Commonwealth talks on the dollar situation. Britain was all set to reveal the crisis in early June. But the Liberals were campaigning on the platform that everything was for the best under this best of all possible governments. Had the crisis blown up in the middle of that campaign, it would have been embarrassing.

So when Ottawa heard of the British plans, a senior official took plane for London within a matter of hours. His mission: To persuade the British to keep quiet until after June 27. They did.

Now the Liberals are comfortably back in office, and it's the Laborites who have an election coming up. Some of them seem to feel that one good turn deserves another.

EVEN AFTER a year in office, Louis St. Laurent still hasn't learned that a Prime Minister is supposed to be remote and protected from the general public.

On most days of a working week, he steps out of the East Block at lunch time completely alone, strolls across Wellington Street to the Rideau Club and sits down in any empty chair at one of the big club tables. After 25 years in which the Prime Minister has been about as accessible as the Dalai Lama, Ottawa is still amazed every time this happens.

One Sunday afternoon not long ago, a young lady wanted to get in touch with Guy Sylvestre, Mr. St. Laurent's secretary. She tried him at home and got no answer; then she tried the Prime Minister's office and a man's voice answered.

"Is that you, Guy?" she said.

"No, Mr. Sylvestre isn't here," was the reply. Then, after a moment's pause: "Is that you, Miss So-and-so?"

"Yes," she said, "who's speaking?"

"It's the Prime Minister speaking. I had some work to do this afternoon, but I'm all alone here. I'll tell Mr. Sylvestre to call you if he comes in."

• • •

DEBATES in the House will probably give only a faint indication of how greatly the Cabinet has been strengthened by the two new ministers from Quebec, Solicitor-General Hugues Lapointe and Postmaster-General *Continued on page 60*



Will Atlee be rewarded for a postponed crisis?



For the "edification" of the Prince of Wales (then Albert Edward) M. Blondin toted a terrified Harry Colcord over the Whirlpool Rapids. That was in 1860. It was Colcord's third, and last, trip.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

WHEN BLONDIN WALKED THE FALLS

While 300,000 held their breath the "Prince of Manila" carried a man from Canada to the U. S. on a swaying rope

By CATHERINE LEACH

ON A WARM August day just 90 years ago about 300,000 spellbound watchers crammed themselves along that section of the International Border which is marked by the Niagara Gorge and craned their necks to the snapping point. A diminutive blond daredevil had walked outlike onto a violin string of a rope stretched 200 feet above the rapids and was mincing across from the Canadian to the American shore carrying a limp and terrified man on his back.

Thus Jean Francois Gravelet, nicknamed "M. Blondin," wove himself into the fabric of Niagara Falls history and ensured himself of a spot in every tourist guidebook since published in the district. Fame has been more fleeting for Harry Colcord, the plucky little whaling seaman who made the journey on Blondin's back—not once, but three times. Forty years later, remembering his triple trial, Colcord would still jump up from his bed at night, perspiring from fright.

Blondin actually crossed the Niagara chasm in a variety of novel ways in the summer of 1859 and again in 1860. He seated himself on the rope, lay at full length on his back and turned a back somersault. He marched across the rope with a camera on his back and took a picture of the gorge below. Dressed as an ape he trundled a wheelbarrow over. Chained hand and foot, he walked across as a Siberian slave. He walked across at night with locomotive headlights illuminating the rope. (Those at hand had to feel the vibration of the rope to make sure he was still on it.)

He took across a table and chair and ate cake and drank cocoa on the rope. He took a stove across and cooked an omelet on it. He walked across wearing wooden buckets for shoes.

"I Do not Wish to Fall"

FOR THE Prince of Wales, Blondin walked across on three-foot stilts. He walked blindfolded in a heavy sack of blankets. He dropped a string to the Maid of the Mist below, hauled up a bottle of champagne and drank it. He stood on his head on the rope while fireworks were sent up. He swung across hand over hand. At one time he hung from the rope by one leg.

But it is the crossing that Blondin made with Colcord on his back—with two lives at stake instead of one—that brought the crowds to Niagara on August 19, 1859. The memory stayed with Colcord to his dying day.

Blondin gave Colcord a diamond-studded watch; railroad and steamboat lines and hotels gave him cash; Supt. Corning of New York Central gave him \$1,000; gold pieces mounted in a pile; autograph seekers sought his signature. But the Irish American could never forget the terror of traveling a three-inch rope at the mercy of capricious gusts of air while it sagged in a deep curve far above rampaging Niagara.

Blondin arrived at Niagara in the summer of 1859 with a list of daring achievements to his credit. He was the "Monarch of the Cable," the "Prince

of Manila" to his fans. His blue eyes and light hair gave him the name of "Blondin." He stood five foot five, weighed a wiry 140. But his co-ordination was such that he could bear a man and pole, their combined weights totaling 200 pounds, along a half mile of rope.

Some said his ultrastrong arm muscles did it. "No," said Blondin, "I succeed in keeping on the rope because I do not wish to fall." He would use no life net: "It would ruin my reputation."

Son of an acrobat, he insisted that rope-walkers are born. At the age of five he had tied a string between kitchen chairs, tried to walk it, fell flat. A gatepost, a stouter cord, a fish-pole balancing pole—another fall. Then, with an old sailor's help, a boat's cable properly rigged, a spar balance pole—success. When he was six, his father, a veteran of Napoleon's wars, enrolled him in *L'Ecole Gymnastique*.

When he was 27 (in 1851) the celebrated gymnast Gabriel Ravell offered to take him to America. On the voyage across a fierce storm swept a young nobleman overboard. Blondin leaped into the heavy sea and rescued him. When Ravell's company played near Niagara, Blondin determined to cross the gorge by rope.

The Thrills Came Early

ACCORDING to one story he got the idea from a dream. At any rate he made a secret winter visit to the Falls and determined that the crossing could be made. When he announced his intention publicly the Press of the day scoffed and called him "addle-brained."

When it was realized that the madman was really serious and was raising money for the feat (the cost of the rope alone was \$650) a rush started to the Falls. Blondin helped dispel doubts by taking a daily stroll along the guys of the old railway suspension bridge, calmly smoking a cigar.

Blondin's cable was stretched from Clinton House on Canadian soil to an entertainment park, White's Pleasure Grounds, on the American shore. This was at a point roughly between the Falls proper and the Niagara rapids where the gorge is fairly narrow.

To span Niagara in a spidery fashion was no mean engineering feat. The Maid of the Mist transported a Manila rope, five eighths of an inch thick from the Canadian to the American side. This rope was attached to a two-inch cable which was paid out by windlass. Attached to this again was the three-inch final rope, a fine strand of Manila bemp on which Blondin walked.

Holes were drilled into the solid rock of the Canadian cliff and three car axletrees were placed in these, one behind the other, and around them the rope was tied. To pull it taut horses on the American side, 2,000 feet distant, worked a windlass.

On June 25, the Buffalo Express headlined Blondin's part in the rope stretching. The large strand was that day within 200 feet of the Canadian side. Fears arose as to whether the smaller line could pull the bigger up a sloping 170 feet to the cliff-top. A confident

Continued on page 30



Original painting for
Maclean's by Rex Woods

A Used-Car Dealer Says —

CUSTOMERS CAN BE CROOKED TOO

A dealer was sold a car without an engine. Pretty bad, all right, but would you admit that your crate is gulping oil? Would you tell about hitting that truck?

ONE WET September afternoon during the war a little old guy in a wrinkled raincoat pulled on to my used-car lot in North Toronto with a clean-looking 1934 Chev standard four-door sedan and asked for the ceiling price list.

I showed it to him and stood there wondering how much over ceiling he was going to try to nick me. He did some figuring on the edge of a newspaper. The ceiling price for that model was \$325.

The little guy finally looked up and said "I'll sell it for \$290. That will allow you a profit of about 10%."

When he left, one of my salesmen who could have doubled for W. C. Fields looked after him and croaked, "He must have just murdered his mother. Nobody can be that good."

That was the only customer I saw during the entire war who was willing to sell a reasonably clean car at less than ceiling so that the dealer could make a profit within the law.

He was the one man out of, I'd say, 50, who is really honest when he's selling a car. He's the one a dealer will go out of his way to help.

A month ago I saw a dealer I know along the street sell a customer like that, a young bricklayer just over from England with his bride, a \$595 car for \$500.

"I don't know why I did it," he told me later as if he was wondering if he'd gone nuts. "I felt like doing something for him."

But men like the one in the wrinkled raincoat are scarce. For every one of them there are 49 customers as trustworthy as wet pavement. For some reason when a man has a car to sell he automatically becomes a crook.

The Preacher Was Parsimonious

YOU JUST have to think about it. Take yourself for instance. Honest, now, would you tell me that your car was pumping a lot of oil or that it had a main bearing knock, or that you turned it over in a ditch on your holiday trip to Montreal six months ago?

It doesn't matter whether the customer is an 18-year-old punk or the vice-president of a bank. They're all the same when it comes to cars. One of the worst boshings I ever got was from a minister.

I tangled with the preacher when I was running a new-car agency. He bought a 1947 Cadillac and brought it back for his 500-mile checkup. He had to leave it overnight, and, as a favor, I loaned him a new Chrysler. He wrapped the Chrysler around a streetcar that night and refused to pay me a dime. I had to take him to court to get it out of him.

There's a story going around town now among the dealers that has them grinning from ear to ear. It happened to a dealer who made himself a small fortune during the war so nobody is too unhappy about it.

We'll call this dealer Art Brannon, which isn't his name. Art has handled probably more used cars than any dealer in Toronto and he knows them the way a Broadway producer knows chorus girls. He never drives a car to test a buy. He doesn't have to. He walks around it and gives the guy a price in about 30 seconds. He's hardly ever wrong.

One day last week, right after supper, Art was sitting in his shack when a big lanky, grinning guy rolled up in a '36 Ford coach which should have been shoved off a cliff. He came to a stop right in front of the door of Art's lot office, jumped out of the Ford,

Continued on page 49



Don't try to gyp the dealer; honestly, it's the best policy.

The Man
who was
ready...



Even as a kid he was thoughtful . .

Like most of us, he had to work hard and sometimes found it difficult to make ends meet. But he did one really smart thing. He started to put something by . . . not a lot, but regularly . . . toward the day when he could forget work and concentrate on his flowers and

other things he'd never had time for.

You can make sure of your retirement fund in the future by the savings you make today. The purchase of Canada Savings Bonds through any bank or investment dealer, or through your Company's Payroll Savings Plan will start you on your way.

save as you go with



Canada Savings Bonds 4th Series

On sale beginning October 17th

Everyone
has
Something
to
Save for

RIG FOR SUMMER

By TRAVIS INGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

WE'RE NOT overly partial to summer folks, down in these parts. I can't speak for other sections where they've got big hotels and such, but along our coast city people remind us of mackerel. They arrive in schools at a certain time of year and they splash around for a few weeks, dashing this way and that, and then they go back where they came from. Meanwhile we keep on about our business, much as usual. Our business is mostly lobsters hereabouts, and always has been.

Some of the summer folks are really neighborly sort of. Then there are others—like old man Quirt.

I could tell you lots of tales of Quirt's orneriness, including how he posted Bubbling Well where the clipper ships used to fill their kegs and more recently, near-by islanders when their wells went dry in August. This isn't Quirt's story and it's just to indicate what kind of a daddy his youngest had the misfortune to pick when she put in a belated appearance about twelve years after the other kids were born.

It was just as though old man Quirt and his wife looked over their brood and then went back to pick up something they'd missed. They sure enough found it in a little blue-eyed thing with corn-silk hair called Sally.

I must have been about thirteen when I first saw Sally; she was about three. I was fishing for flounders off the town float when she got out of the Annabelle, Quirt's boat, and paddled right over to offer me a piece of sticky candy. This was procedure contrary to the usual dockings of the Quirt tribe who ordinarily came right in without looking at anybody, or speaking. My mouth was half-ajar with surprise and anticipation when the old lady sailed over, gave me a furious look, grabbed the nipper and snaked her up the gangplank, dangling like a crab.

Sally managed to throw me the candy, nevertheless.

"That's the leastest one," observed Jasper Crummins. "They ain't got to her yet but they will."

JASPAR'S weather predictions—a combination of corns, currents, sea gull cries and dyspepsia—were practically infallible. He knew nothing about females, however, and he was, praises be, wrong about this one.

Sally, it seemed, was a different cut of jib entirely from the rest of her breed. She was as natural as beans on Saturday night, pretty as a July Nor'wester, and she grew up friendly with everybody. Here in Comfort we were always glad to see her coming and the toughest old barnacle would gladly drop his business and pass the time of day with her, counting it well spent.

As for old man Quirt, it was easy to see that Sally was the apple of his eye and the single soft spot in his make-up. At last he and Comfort had found something in common.

Well, sir, one day Sally's a little girl in pigtails, sitting on her haunches communing with the clam-diggers; the next she's a young lady and a dandy, too, slim where she ought to be and full rigged otherwise. She grew up in a hurry and we all felt sad and sorry, thinking she'd follow the example of her brothers and sisters before her and quit these parts summers.

Not Sally, however. She kept coming with her pa and ma when she should have been off to dances and parties. And why? She was some part of a tomboy to be sure, and there was no gush and

giggle about her; but matter of the fact was that she was one of us from the start, even if some folks were so bullheaded they couldn't see it: my brother Lew, for instance. I'm coming to him.

Sally must have been about seventeen years old, the August afternoon she came up to our house and poked in her head to enquire: "Anybody home?"

We were all home, as a matter of fact, and I saw my Dad's face light up as it always did when he looked at Sally. Ma hadn't even been able to give him a girl, only boys—me, Eldred, the shavers and Lewellyn, who we called Lew. Lew'd just turned eighteen.

"I'm in a spot," said Sally, floating around the kitchen, peeking into what Ma had on the stove and helping herself to a doughnut just as if she belonged, which of course she did. "Father's got three of his stuffy old business friends down for the week end and the Annabelle's cracked a cylinder head. Guth can't get to her until tomorrow afternoon and we've got a picnic planned. Can you take us out around Monhegan, Cap'n Sam?"

Dad was having a spell of rheumatism. He lifted his game leg off the chair and moved it back and forth a couple of times. I could tell by his face that this was a bad one.

"Hate to tell you no, Sally," he said gently, "but I guess I'm getting too old to go gallivantin' about the outer ledges."

"Nonsense," said Sally indignantly.

"It's true," Dad grinned ruefully. "Now maybe Arthur here?" and he looked at me. Ordinarily I'd have been delighted but it so happened that I had a date with Mabel, my steady then as now.

"I guess the junket is off, then," said Sally looking resigned. "We'll just have to sit on the porch and watch those windbags drink Scotch and listen to them brag."

By this time our family was about the only one in town without a personal grievance against old man Quirt. Nobody else would even lift a finger for him, no matter what he offered. But Dad was always just a shade above the next. "Life's too short for grudges," was the way he put it.

Sally was about to take her departure when Lew spoke up from the corner. "I believe I could go," he said, not looking at anybody but the lobster peg he was whittling for ma.

Lew's not like the rest of us. We're fair while he's dark like his granddaddy Amos, who was lost off the Banks years ago; dark and big and steady, even as a boy. Sometimes people are inclined to think Lew's a dight slow, but he thinks things out in his own time and fashion. He never says much nor pushes any—so when he spoke up like this we were all surprised. Sally, too.

"Lew's hardly more'n a boy," said Dad, "but he knows his business. Come thick weather, he'll run you in and set you down closer to your dock than I could myself."

This was high praise, coming from Dad. Lew looked up from under that shock of hair he can't even keep in place and he grinned.

"H'mm," said Sally, and she looked my brother over as if she'd just discovered him, which was probably true. Lew was awfully shy as a boy; he's shy now, as man, until you get to know him or vice versa, which is more important.

After a while he stopped whittling and looked Sally right back and with interest. A little color started under his

tan. "What time you want to get started?" he asked as though it was all settled.

Knowing Sally I expected her to put this young upstart in his place, but I guess I didn't know her quite as well as I thought. "Let me see," she said, rousing up a little color herself, which took nothing away from her. For a minute she was actually flustered. Then she pulled herself together and became very businesslike and dignified, for seventeen.

"Nine o'clock sharp at our landing," she said. "And bring a hod of clams, if you will. We may want to drop a line."

Off she went.

Lew concentrated on his peg and cut it down to a toothpick. The old man lighted his pipe. His eyes were twinkling and he was grinning around the stem of his pipe.

"Big water out where you're heading, son," he said. "Better check your charts and compass."

Lew turned the color of boiled lobster.

"I guess," he said, slow and hot, "if I'm big enough to skipper your boat, I'm big enough to skipper my own."

And off he binged toward the clamflats.

WE DO have romances up along here between summer boys and girls and our own. It wouldn't be youth, human nature and the time of year if we didn't. But usually they end at Labor Day, or thereabouts. We've got our good clothes—"grave clothes" we call them here—but when we put them on we look stiff and uncomfortable, which we are. On the other hand, when city folks break out their regular clothes, you know the dungarees and slacks were just a rig for summer.

It makes a difference.

I wondered if Lew was thinking of this, some days later, when he said good-by to Sally in the grain shed on the dock, while her old man was putting the bags in the limousine and being nasty to the chauffeur who'd come all

Continued on page 33



Summer folk are
just like mackerel;
they come, they play,
then swim away.

But that Sally, now —
she was different.

Even a lobsterman like
Lew had to admit it



school car parked on a siding for the children of the rail workers and trappers. Education of a Canadian. Young characters tramping the quiet miles to their alphabets.

The train circles a wide bend and you see the engine, spuming smoke, ahead eating up the trestled miles.

Suddenly out of the green forest rises an incredibly blue, vast slab of water. I didn't need the trackside sign to tell me that this was Lake Superior.

Here the headlands rise craggy and lush with fir. Gulls wheel out to meet the train and follow it as though it was, really, a ship. They trace white marine patterns in the inland sky. The evening view is like sombre music, Sibelius to the sternest note. Deep, purple-blue, immense. Hours chant by. The inland sea silvers. The headlands turn black blue.

The fishing villages stand out stark wind-washed grey. Hemlo, Heron Bay, Marathon, Jackfish. And then Finmark (Finnish steambaths smoking by the shore), Buda (gipsy music in the town hall on Saturday nights), Umanla (co-operatives and Swedish songs on accordions), Bonheur (pea soup and tourtiere on Sundays).

Again night comes on. The porter's full of gossip and conversation. A trout stream flashing by entralls him. "That's for me," he says. "Funny thing people don't stop at places like this. Always rush to the crowded centres. Like that Lake Louise." He stares into the speeding dusk. "That Lake Louise was discovered by Randolph Scott. I seen it in a movie."

The Twin City Blues

DINING car windows pattern the night outside with bright squares. Small lights wink back from lonely settlements. By a settler's home gate I glimpsed a group of wide-eyed children staring at the sharp glimpse of luxury and the outside world.

The few transcontinental travelers are beginning to pick one another out of the crowd. Their air is leisurely, slightly superior.

At midnight we get out at Port Arthur, walk the hollow, echoing platform and watch the transient passengers get off. The woman who had been talking about the lake city's grain elevators ("the only functional, appropriate, new architecture to emerge from this continent"), the Port Arthurian who'd been damning the civic methods of Fort William, the tired girl with the baby—they get off and vanish into a night haunted by staring eyes of taxis.

The white-jacketed porters, standing sentinel by the foot stools at the sleeper steps, hurry you anxiously. "Board! Board!" We are off to Fort William across the bay to drink a glass of milk at the station restaurant with a classics professor from Edmonton who talks of hockey and quotes Greek verse.

You find you've gained an hour. It's no longer 12 p.m. Eastern Time, it's 11 p.m. Central Time. But that doesn't hold back sleep, which still functions on a habit good only a few minutes ago and a few miles back. The fact remains to impress even in sleep, though. Canada apparently rules the sun, turns back time.

As I drowse off the wheels sing. *"Big the land, big the sky, miles and miles, far from home, big the land, big the sky . . ."*

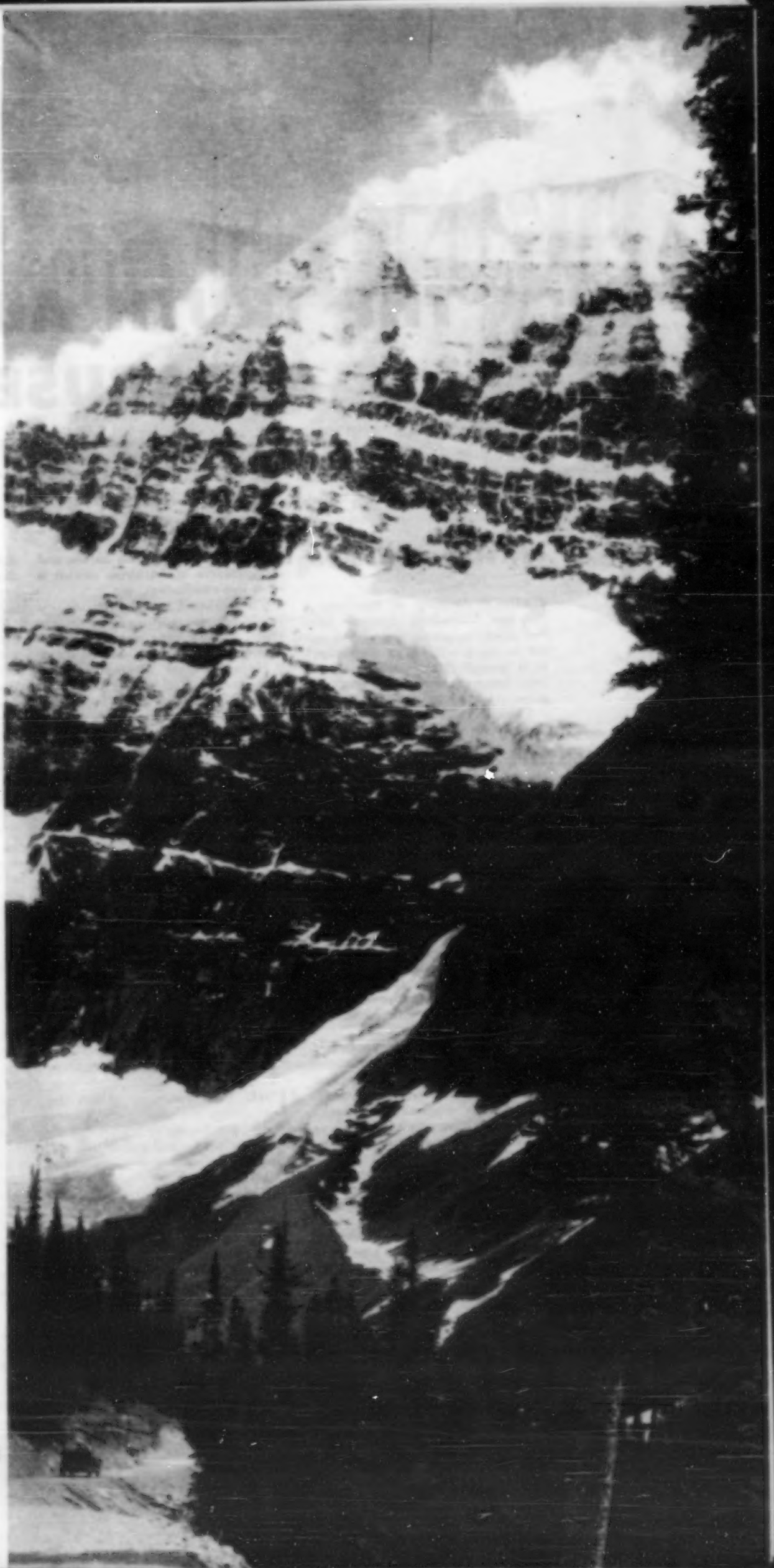
The second morning of the western journey I woke to rain on the window. The dank impenetrable bush was hazed by it. Soon after breakfast the land emptied, flattened out.

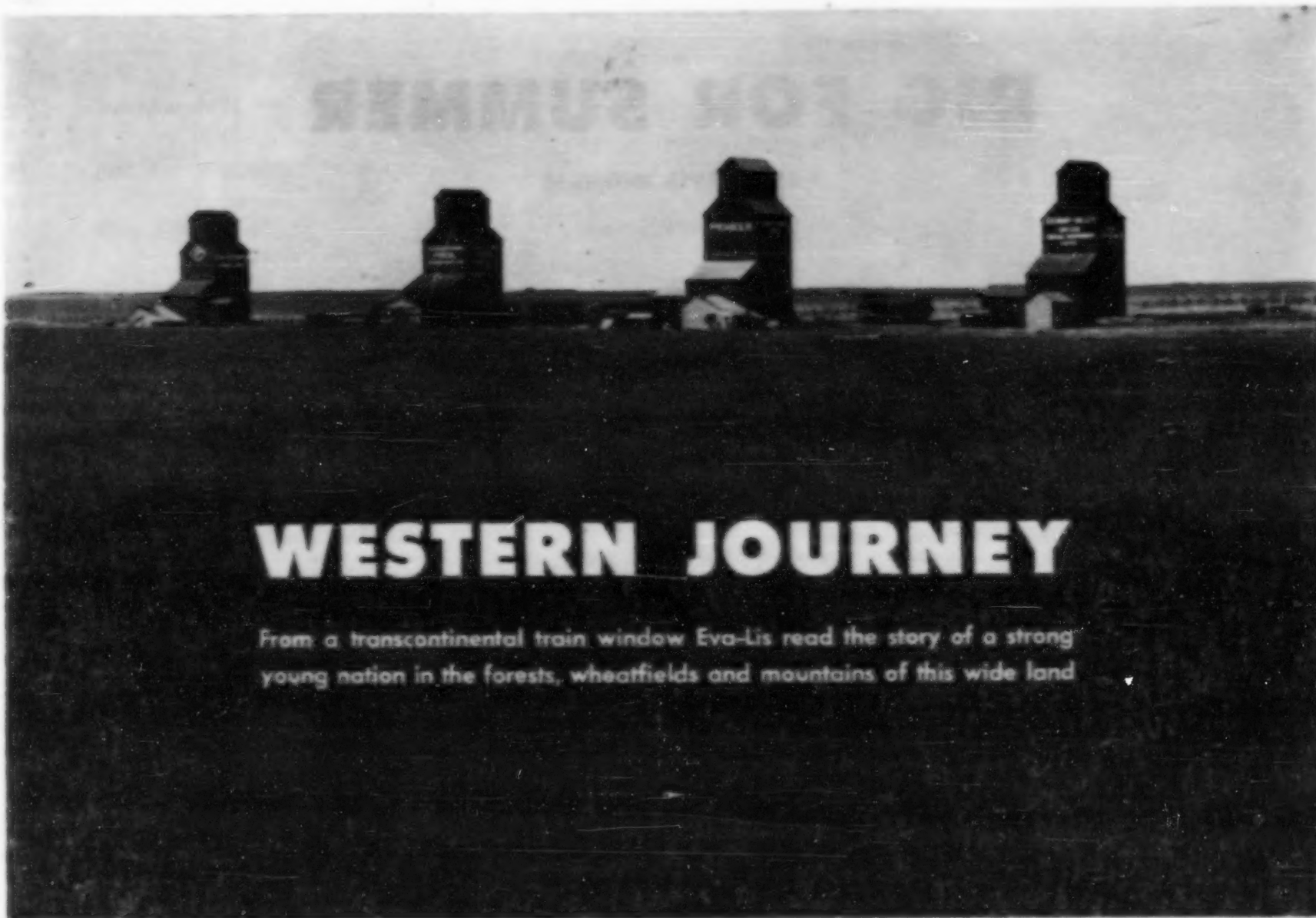
Then out of the empty plate of earth the shape of a grain elevator, like a small headed giant, climbs up to dominate the plain. The symbol of wheat, king of a thousand miles to come.

Behind the elevator a city rears like a mirage against the sky. The rain has stopped. The air transparent. Winnipeg, the lusty, first western city on the frontier of the prairie, aprons out its ugly outskirts, its vast rail

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In the mountains . . . "I didn't have enough eyes." 8





WESTERN JOURNEY

From a transcontinental train window Eva-Lis read the story of a strong young nation in the forests, wheatfields and mountains of this wide land

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THE train moved out of the dusky shelter of the shed into the light-flecked night. Home lights of Toronto gleamed out of well-known windows, throwing defiant, earth-bound reflections at the stars.

At last I was going to the west coast. The East had been my beat up until now, but this trip across 2,703.6 CPR miles to the shores of the Pacific would complete a Canadian odyssey for me. It would fulfill an ambition to know my own land better.

It's like getting on board ship, I've often thought, in Canada, to board a train. A mighty undertaking. Here are not the easy, offhand distances from city to city, lunch here and dinner in another country, as in Europe. Here the miles multiply behind you phenomenally.

The bigness of our land, fact as it is, never-endingly astonishes me. The incredibility of the vast space came to me most sharply, probably, when I tried to explain it to friends in the old, small lands beyond the Atlantic. I sought in vain for words to draw illustrative parallels. The size and shape of Canada is comprehensible, I think, only to a train-weary Canadian, looking out at the land ticking by beyond the window with his heart warm.

Small Towns in the Darkness

I LEAVE the East to the night that unfolds in a deepening purple waves from Cape Race, Atlantic frontier in Newfoundland, across the sand dunes of P. E. I., dusking the white-washed ancient villages of the St. Lawrence, sparking to light the red cross on Mount Royal on its river-bound island, bringing peace to the busy rich

valleys of eastern Ontario, following, engulfing the Toronto train westbound.

Lights of small towns, of desolate trackside settlements mark the passage of the night, about feebly against it. I pull the curtain and go to sleep.

The night is speedier than the train. It has swept far beyond us, westward, rushing around the globe, when I awaken. It is morning and 300 miles northwest from home.

The windows open upon the bare, purple rocks at Sudbury. The copper sun, rising, is muted by a haze.

In wooden houses, perched on rocks barren but for weaking scrub and blueberry patches, German, Polish, Ukrainian, Russian — Canadians, all — awaken, too, to take their part in the life of the booming, rough-hewn mining town.

Out of a trackside frame house, still moving slowly with sleep barely shaken off, comes a man swinging his lunch pail, a peaked cap pushed off his head. He is swarthy and stocky, and as I watch him for that fleeting second I think of the promise latent in that small house. His son may help shape the future of Canada in Ottawa as sons of other immigrants have.

Now the waves of rocks drop back, the forest begins. Mile on wilderness mile the track is shaped and guarded by unpeopled space. I think of the men who pushed on the End of Steel, hour by sweat-streaked aching hour, three or four miles a day, through solid whispering wilderness, spike by spike, rail length by rail length, trestle by trestle, so that today I can span Canada at ease. The wonder of their achievement grows into a song of singing wheels.

Burned land, poplar, spindly fir. White flowers glowing in the black marsh pools. Buttercups spilling yellow by the track side. Lakes, islanded, cloud-flecked, taking the solitary shape of your

heart for a brief, right fit. The wheels sing of loneliness, solitude, space.

At Chapleau—a station is always a station, red brick, dull, like a mimeographed signature of the railway, without character, without any attempt to capture the interest of the passer-by or the personality of the place—the passengers get out to stretch their legs for the first of the transcontinental parades. The train variant of a ship-board constitutional. Curiously they slant first looks at one another. Who is going all the way? For here the difference from the ship appears; there are islands of civilization in this sea of unsettled land where to drop your travelling companions.

Gulls in An Inland Sky

RAY, the porter, now becomes significant. He knows about everybody. He is the one person who will be with you all the way to the coast, for certainty. He is part of North American history based on past tragedies.

He's cleaned your moving home while you paraded and you lean to the window again to contemplate the land falling back, building up, behind you. This, jungle of north Ontario, is that wedge of wild land that halved this country for many years before the railroad came. Impassable then except by hazardous canoe waterways.

Now the waste land has redeemed itself. No longer is it the stumbling block to unity. Now it's the unplumbed pot of wealth. Lumber above ground. Mineral riches below. Even latent farm lands. Work for a growing nation. *Lebensraum* for the desolate.

We pass lumbering villages, log huts red-roofed and cosy in the valleys. Flumes twisting to a lake, logs floating in the narrow high channel. Here is a

For Budget-Trimmers with "All the Trimmings"



Begin with Bread!

WHEN you find your food money melting away at the meat counter before you've had a chance to shop for groceries—sure, it's time to take measures! But you *don't need* to put your folks on an austerity diet. Just take your costlier ingredients—meats or sweets—and "stretch" them with Bread! You'll be amazed how many rich-tasting main dishes—and yummy desserts—you can make so easily and so cheaply when you BEGIN WITH BREAD! Just get an extra supply of wholesome, delicious baker's bread and plan one of these three treats to-day!



Croûstades of Creamed Chicken

(Illustrated)

Croûstades for servings desired
 1½ cups medium-thick white sauce
 Croûstades—Cut day-old bread in 2½-inch slices. Cut into 3 by 2½-inch pieces. Hollow out each block with sharp knife. Leave shells unbroken but thin. Brush all over with melted butter. Brown lightly in moderate oven.
 White Sauce—Melt 2 tbsps. butter and blend with 2 tbsps. flour, ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. pepper, or a few grains cayenne. Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir and cook until mixture thickens smoothly. Combine sauce and chicken. Add scraped onion. Season to taste. Heat over boiling water. Serve in hot croûstades. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Meat Loaf

4 cups soft bread crumbs
 2 lbs. ground raw beef
 1 chopped onion
 1 tsp. salt
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 ½ tsp. pepper
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 1 tsp. mixed poultry seasoning
 Shortening

Combine all ingredients, except fat. Mix thoroughly and shape gently into loaf. Place in roasting pan and spread generously with fat and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Brown in very hot oven, 550°. When richly browned, lower heat sharply to 350°. Continue to bake uncovered 45 to 60 minutes longer. Baste frequently.

Creamy Egg Scramble on Savory Toast

Buttered toast slices
 4 eggs, slightly beaten
 ½ tsp. salt
 Cayenne
 ½ to ¾ cup rich milk
 2 tbsps. butter
 Seasoned anchovy, sardine or fish paste

Add salt, cayenne, milk and butter to eggs. Place over gently boiling water. When sides and bottom set, draw away from pan, letting liquid run under. Cook until all is lightly set. Turn onto hot platter. Border with fingers of toast, trimmed of crusts, and spread with savory fish paste.

BUY BAKER'S BREAD

YOUR BAKER TODAY supplies bread that's unequalled for tasty goodness and hearty wholesome eating. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.



Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national health.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ANTABUSE

By PETER DAVIDSON

SINCE January of this year a few Canadian doctors have been experimenting with a new aid in the treatment of alcoholism. It is tetraethylthiuramdisulphide, a drug better known under the trade name of Antabuse.

Through no fault of the doctors or the makers of Antabuse it has been given wide, premature and often wildly misleading publicity. If you are interested in anyone who is an alcoholic you should know the truth.

Antabuse is not a cure for alcoholism. In spite of devoted work by doctors for many years no cure has yet been found. To date the best that can be done for an alcoholic is to help him to quit drinking. This is where Antabuse comes in. It is simply a means of keeping him on the wagon when his will power alone isn't enough.

Antabuse works because the alcoholic who has been taking it regularly every day knows that a drink of anything whatever with alcohol in it will make him violently sick.

In an institution near Toronto I saw what happened to one middle-aged man when he had his first experience of how Antabuse works. He had been admitted two weeks earlier as a confirmed alcoholic whose drinking had almost ruined his life.

After the 48 hours needed to sober him up and clear his system of alcohol he had been given Antabuse daily for 12 days. During this time the doctor in charge had explained the nature and cause of alcoholism to him (or rather had told him what is now known about it, which is far from conclusive); and what is cur-

rently known about the nature and consequences of Antabuse (which is even less conclusive).

Thus, when I met the patient one bright summer morning in his private room, he had been prepared as far as possible for what was to come.

He was a spare, wiry man, deeply sunburned. His clothes were well pressed, his shirt clean and fresh. His room was tidy, the things on the bedside table neatly arranged—a pack of cigarettes, ash tray, book of matches, his glasses in a leather case. There was nothing about him or his surroundings to suggest that two weeks earlier he had been a loose-lipped, bleary-eyed drunken wreck, trembling, sweating and unkempt.

Sharp at 11 o'clock a nurse brought him his drink: two ounces of good rye whisky on a little tray. She offered it to him with a gesture of social grace, as though he were a guest in her own house.

"Boy!" he said, grabbing the tumbler with an eagerness he didn't try to hide. "Is this ever going to hit the spot?"

As things turned out he couldn't have been more right.

A Second Shot For a Cynic

THE first reaction, which he evidently expected to be pretty drastic, was hardly noticeable. Five minutes after he had gulped the rye ("Glug!" the doctor said, watching him with a smile), all that happened was that his face and neck felt hot and that light sweat broke out there and on the backs of his hands.

It was nothing, he told me. After another five minutes he revised this report. He now felt, he said, almost as high and happy as he generally

did when he started his drinking day, at 6 o'clock in the morning, by knocking back about a quarter of a bottle.

That was all, though; he was disappointed. The other patients had warned him to lie flat on the bed as soon as he took the trial drink. Walking around, they said, or even sitting up straight would knock him for a loop.

He frowned and said he didn't believe it. "They were just trying to scare me. I'm going to walk over to the window. This stuff hasn't bothered me a bit so far, but I may as well give it a chance."

Whereupon he swung his legs over the side of the bed, got up, and strode firmly across the room. Then he looked at me triumphantly. He admitted the walking made him a trifle dizzy and that he seemed to be short of breath, but apart from that he just felt pleasantly and surprisingly tight.

"I'm going to have the nurse bring me another rye," he said. "Antabuse'll never stop me drinking if this is all it does."

He got his second shot of rye after the nurse had got permission to give it to him—only one ounce this time. She served it with distinctly less the air of a hostess and looked, I thought, a trifle tense.

Once again the patient got up and walked around the room. He now felt a little dizzier, he told me. Otherwise the chief result of the extra drink was to make him still happier and higher.

"I can't get over it," he said. "Three lousy ounces and I'm off to the races . . ."

Ten minutes later he shook his head.

Continued on page 26

Don't believe all you've read about this drug for drunks. It can keep you sober, but in careless hands it can also kill

NEVER BEFORE

have farm implement prices been so low in comparison with prices of other supplies the farmer buys

On the average, supplies which farmers must buy to carry on their business, have gone up 70.1% in price since 1941. In the same period, Massey-Harris prices for Canadian-made farm implements have gone up only 43.9% . . . not much more than half the average rise.

Massey-Harris has held down its prices in the face of a 92.6% increase in cost of raw materials, and an increase of 87% in the average hourly wage rate to its employees.

Demand has been keen in all parts of the world, and Massey-Harris factories have been working at top capacity. High volume has spread the overhead costs over more machines, and enabled the Company to absorb part of the increased cost of material and labor.



* Dominion Bureau of Statistics Indices

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN
COMPANY WITH



A WORLD-WIDE
ORGANIZATION





You'll want to show
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ESKOTRAY
performs so perfectly!

It's the magic modern plastic ice cube tray . . . solving the meanest problem in your refrigerator. Now — at a twist of the wrist — you can pop up a trayful of cubes all separate, clean and dry — ready for immediate use. Say "goodbye" to sticking trays . . . messing at the sink . . . melted, wasted cubes. Say "hello" to ESKOTRAY . . . freeze cubes faster . . . release and use them easier than with any other tray! You can get ESKOTRAY at department and hardware stores . . . or write O. S. P. for free booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

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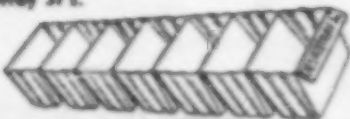
Ideal for moulded salads

. . . frozen desserts.

Seven extra-deep compartments with fluted sides turn out handsome, moulded salads and desserts . . . it's so handy . . . so inexpensive . . . you'll want several Eskotray Jr.'s.



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ESKOTRAY

The Modern Plastic Ice Cube Tray

PLASTICS DIVISION

ONTARIO STEEL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CHATHAM MONTREAL

The Truth About Antabuse

Continued from page 24

informed me the glow was beginning to wear off. He asked the nurse for a third drink.

She said she'd have to ask the doctor's permission and left the room. When she came back the doctor was with her.

"Why aren't you satisfied?" the doctor asked, grinning. "There's no sense banging your head against a stone wall. We can make you good and sick if you really insist, but what's the use? Why don't you just take our word for it?"

"Listen," the patient said earnestly. "I don't start things I don't finish. What I've felt up to now isn't enough to scare me off the drink. This stuff won't do me any good unless I know the worst, as you might say."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Okay. If that's the way you want it." The words were hard-boiled, but his voice was very kind. He motioned to the nurse who brought another one-ounce shot of rye on the little tray. The time was 12.15.

At 12.16, having gulped the third drink down as greedily as he had the others, the patient suddenly stared at us and shook his head in bewilderment.

"I have a pain in my chest," he said. "It's getting hard to breathe. I don't feel so good. I guess I'd better lie down."

At the Threshold of Death

From the beginning of the test the nurse had been taking his pulse and his blood pressure at fairly frequent intervals. She took them again now; and a few seconds after her fingers touched his wrist she straightened her back and gave the doctor a meaning nod—the signal for him to take over.

At 12.18 the man was panting like a running dog on a hot day and he had

begun to cough with a flat, racking sound between a groan and a sob. Under his sunburn he was getting pale. His eyes were blank and glassy and his head twisted from side to side on the pillow. His speech had become thick and broken.

At 12.27, 12 minutes after he had gulped the fourth ounce of rye, the coughing changed to retching and one minute later he was suddenly and violently sick at his stomach.

The vomiting lasted for about five minutes and ended in what seemed to be utter exhaustion. "Tired . . ." he muttered. "Never so tired in my life. My chest . . ."

That was at 12.36. Two minutes later the muttering, which had trailed off into faint and meaningless gibberish, stopped altogether. His lips, now a pale bluish-purple, twitched and were still. His eyes stared fixedly at the ceiling with no trace of expression.

Three minutes after the muttering stopped his pulse was so faint it could hardly be felt. At 12.45 the nurse wheeled up a tall green oxygen cylinder and strapped the mask over his face.

Oxygen was not enough. The pulse beat was getting fainter by the minute, dangerously close to the condition doctors call "thready" which sets in when the heart is almost at the point of fluttering to a stop.

At 12.55, exactly 40 minutes after the patient had taken his third drink, the doctor whistled briefly through his teeth, nodded to the nurse, said "Get him ready for an intravenous."

Antabuse, which ill-informed news stories have led many people to believe perfectly safe, had brought this man to the threshold of death.

Twenty minutes later when a pint or so of saline solution combined with 10% of glucose had dripped from a glass flask down a long tube and through a bright silver needle into a vein in his forearm, the doctor asked me to feel the patient's pulse. It was

Continued on page 28

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Beat it! That was a moose call."



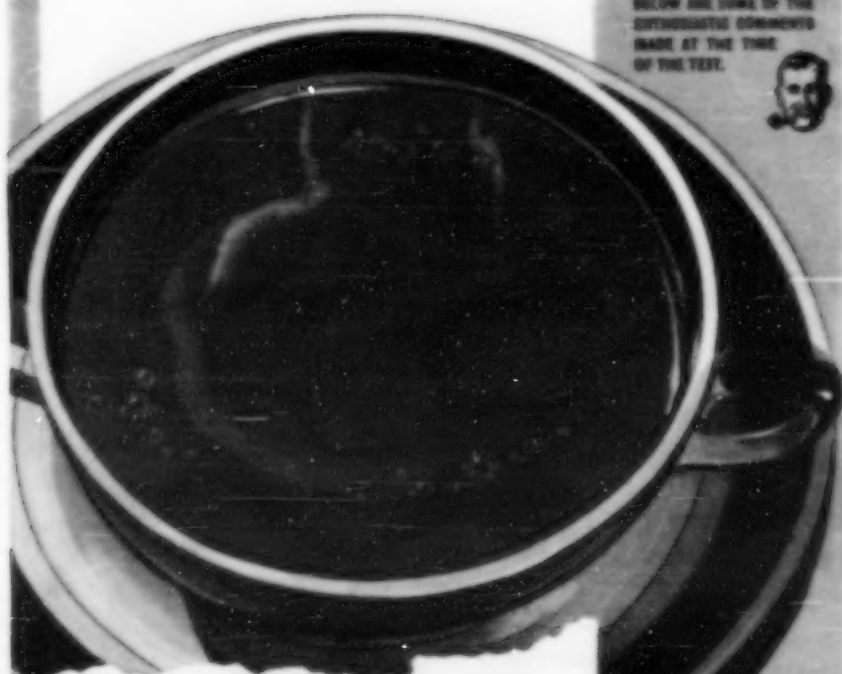
"400 MILES...and I'm not the least bit tired"
 "That's the beauty of a **Meteor.**"

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5 OUT OF 7 PICKED HEINZ

IN COMPARISON TEST WITH WELL-KNOWN BRAND

70 men workers in a large manufacturing plant were lately asked to test the taste of two competitive soups. Identified only by numbers, the two soups were served in the plant cafeteria, questionnaires were filled out, and when they were counted the result showed that 5 out of 7 of the men preferred Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup to the other well-known brand.

Perhaps, because of habit, you have been serving the men in your household some other soup than Heinz, not knowing what you are missing. Give your family a chance to taste the wonderful difference. Buy a supply of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup and compare it with any other brand. In six recent group taste tests the verdict has been overwhelmingly for Heinz.

Look for the complete line of 19 delicious Heinz Condensed Soups at your grocer's.

HEINZ



BELOW ARE SOME OF THE
ENTHUSIASTIC COMMENTS
MADE AT THE TIME
OF THE TEST.



"...rich
creamy flavour"



"...ripe
tomato
taste"



"just right"



"perfect.."



"excellent"



"...tastes
like
more.."



"better
than any
other..."

Continued from page 26

beating like a little hammer; when I had felt it before, just as the injection was begun, my untrained fingers had been unable to pick up any beat at all.

The patient was beginning to recover.

That was how Antabuse took that man. Most people don't react nearly as violently. As a rule all that happens is that face and neck flush brick-red and feel feverishly hot, a headache with a pulsing, hang-overlike throb arrives followed by a sudden and distressful vomiting.

But doctors have no way of knowing beforehand how drastic a patient's reaction to alcohol plus Antabuse is going to be. There seems to be a fairly wide variation in the length of time taken to produce these symptoms and a less wide, but still appreciable, difference in the amount of alcohol which has to be drunk before they are felt.

That is why the best medical opinion is that no person who takes Antabuse should drink anything alcoholic for the first time after beginning to use the drug unless he is under the direct supervision of a doctor, preferably one who has already had experience of the treatment. The test should be made in a place where there is equipment instantly available for giving oxygen, intravenous injections, and other emergency restorative measures.

Fear Keeps Them On Wagon

After this supervised demonstration the alcoholic is all set to stay sober as long as he takes Antabuse regularly every day—usually one half-gram pill every morning though no hard-and-fast rule for dosage has yet been worked out. He generally stays on the wagon because the prospect of going through another such reaction is too appalling to contemplate.

Statistics are scarce on the long-term effectiveness of Antabuse, but figures on 100 users are available—50 of the patients studied by the doctors of a highly reputable Montreal institution and 50 observed during and after initial treatment at a similarly reputable institution in Toronto. Here are the results, over a period of about six months:

Eight patients tried taking a drink while they were also taking Antabuse and were so revolted by the consequences they went back on the wagon.

Eight quit taking Antabuse altogether after a few weeks and relapsed into their former active alcoholism.

Eighty-four were able, because they knew what to expect if they backed out, to stay sober.

Putting it another way 92% of the patients studied who took Antabuse regularly were definitely and successfully helped by it.

Antabuse does nothing at all to remove whatever may be the cause of an alcoholic's craving. It merely helps him, through fear of the consequences of drinking while he is using it, to leave the stuff strictly alone.

Antabuse forces him to stay dry long enough to give psychotherapy, or even plain old-fashioned advice or spiritual guidance, a chance to make him want to stay that way. That is all.

The discovery that Antabuse could do this was made in 1948, quite accidentally, by two Danish doctors who were looking for something else. Tetraethylthiuramdisulphide has been used for years as an ingredient in medicine intended to rid animals of intestinal worms.

Dr. E. Jacobsen and his assistant, Dr. J. Hald, were working in a Copenhagen laboratory on the problem of how to use the stuff for people with

worms. As part of the standard routine of testing a new product for human use they took some themselves.

Nothing happened (they didn't have worms) until the two doctors had their first drink of the week, Jacobsen at a cocktail party and Hald at the house of some friends.

Comparing notes afterward they were struck by the fact that each had become suddenly and violently ill within a few minutes of beginning to drink. This seemed to them to be more than mere coincidence and they figured the worm medicine might be the explanation.

It's a Voluntary Poison

It was. When people drink anything with alcohol in it a substance called acetaldehyde is produced in the body. Acetaldehyde is a poison. Normally the quantity produced by alcohol (or, incidentally, any other carbohydrate—sugar, for example) is kept from reaching the danger level by a process called oxidation. This, in effect, burns up the surplus acetaldehyde just as you burn dead leaves or rubbish. Tetraethylthiuramdisulphide seems to interfere with this process; and if a person drinks alcohol when it is present in the system, too much acetaldehyde remains in the system. The danger level is passed and the Antabuse-taker is quite literally poisoned.

In the sense that it brings on the kind of reaction we have just seen a patient through this poisoning is good. In the sense that it can get out of hand unless properly controlled, even with physically sound people, it is bad. And sometimes, as when diabetes or certain sorts of heart trouble are present, it can be fatal.

Three deaths have definitely been attributed to Antabuse plus alcohol in Denmark (by itself the drug has little or no effect); and one in Canada, though the Canadian death cannot be definitely said to have been due to the drug.

Tetraethylthiuramdisulphide was first distributed commercially in Canada under the trade name "Antabuse" in early spring this year. It can be bought in drugstores across Canada (its makers say sales are good but won't give figures) only when a doctor's prescription is presented.

It costs \$2.50 for a bottle of 50 half-gram tablets. As "A.A.T.," the trade name of another maker, 50 quarter-gram tablets cost \$2.

It is not yet widely used in Canadian hospitals; only a few have special departments for the treatment of alcoholics.

I'll leave the last word to Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson, professor of pharmacology at the University of Toronto. Writing in the Canadian Medical Association Journal for June, he said:

"The burden of responsibility which has been thrown so suddenly on the general practitioner is heavy and indeed unfair. No large body of experience with this drug is available for guidance. The clamor for its use will be persistent. It seems likely that Antabuse will prove valuable in the management of certain cases of chronic alcoholism. In the meantime it should be recognized as a potential hazard to life in some circumstances.

"It goes without saying that the great majority of the profession will exercise their usual good judgment in selecting the cases and circumstances suitable for experimentation with this drug. We can only hope that none of the material will get into the hands of pranksters or other irresponsible persons." ★

Main Dish Magic

at Less than 19c a Serving

Wonderful

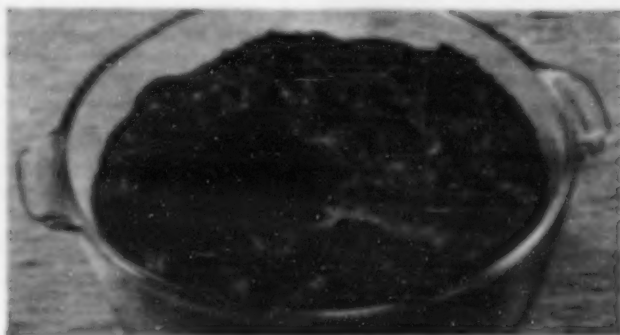
is the word for
Canned Salmon
Baked Potatoes

1/2 lb. Canned Salmon,
flaked 2 tablespoons grated
cheese
4 baked potatoes A little hot milk
2 tablespoons butter Paprika
Salt and pepper Lemon juice
1 tablespoon minced 2 tomatoes,
parsley 1 tin peas

Bake potatoes until tender, make a cut
in the top of each, scoop out potatoes,
keep skins hot. Mash potato, add butter
and just enough hot milk to moisten.
Add parsley, seasonings and cheese.
Squeeze juice of lemon over Canned
Salmon and lightly fold the Canned
Salmon into the potato. Replace in skin,
sprinkle paprika on top and place
potatoes under broiler for a moment.
Serves four.



FANCY HOSTESS SANDWICHES: Wonderful for quick snack sandwiches any time. Canned Salmon and a little imagination conjure up exquisite party delicacies. Mix Salmon with mayonnaise, chopped onions. Garnish with chopped olives, chopped pickles, pimiento or cuts of asparagus. Make sandwiches in rolls, open face or three deckers. Here's party treats your guests will appreciate.



SALMON on CASSEROLE: Combine 1 lb. flaked salmon and 1/2 cup grated cheese, add 2 beaten eggs, and 1 cup milk. Pour mixture into buttered casserole dish. Pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over 8 crackers rolled and sprinkle on top of casserole. Pour juice of 1 lemon over all. Cover casserole and set in dish of water and bake in moderate oven, 325-375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 4.



CANNED SALMON PUFFS: Flake 1 lb. salmon and add 1/2 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper and 1/2 cup bread crumbs and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, mix thoroughly and then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased omelet cups. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 300 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Unmold on a hot platter, garnish and serve with a tartar sauce.

Luxury dishes at down-to-earth prices are easy with Canned Salmon. Rich in vital food elements, every pound of Salmon you pay for gives you a full pound of nourishing, edible food. Because there is no waste in

Salmon, you are actually getting the most for your food dollar. Serve Canned Salmon and save. Save shopping time, save money. Most important is the fact that tempting Canned Salmon dishes are nutritious.

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When Blondin Walked The Falls

Continued from page 16

Blondin attached a rope to his body and manoeuvred out the dizzying 200 feet on the smaller line, attached another drawing rope to the Manila strand, then descended on a slack rope to a tree near the water's edge.

"Those who saw it," applauded the Express, "now give up and don't doubt his ability to walk across."

On a Swaying Rope—Two Lives

Swaying in Niagara's unpredictable wind currents, a slender hempen bridge at last connected two nations. Now, 40,000 feet of guys must be attached.

"Hundreds of people daily visit the grounds at each end of the cable" (the Express again) "to witness the progress of the guys now being fastened. To do this, M. Blondin has to go out on the cable he wishes to attach the guys to." Blondin oversaw everything personally. In a stiff wind the rope would sway 50 feet.

"When one's life depends on the security of a rope, it is best to put up that rope oneself, is it not?" Blondin remarked.

Each guy was weighted with a six-pound bag of sand. Blondin's 24-foot balance pole must be able to swing clear of all guy lines. On this pole—60 pounds of cannily tapered wood—depended his life and that of his passenger.

Once stretched the rope sagged 50 feet in the middle from its own weight, the river tumbling 200 feet below.

No sooner were his plans broadcast than Blondin knew huge bets were being placed. So frenzied was the betting that he foresaw possible tampering with his rope by unscrupulous bettors. Warily he superintended every detail of the rope-laying, tested every knot. Then, considering all secure, he stood ready to cross the gorge.

Capt. John Travis, famous pistol shot, early rumored as Blondin's passenger, came to Niagara to get into the act. Blondin had carried Travis in theatre performances, but one look at the Falls possibly decided him to stick to pistols.

How Blondin did cross the rope, in spite of the rain the night before, on June 30, again on July 4, in a sack, again on July 14 dressed as an ape, or again on August 4 when he stood on his head, makes a series of episodes this account deliberately skips to concentrate on his supreme accomplishment, crossing with Colcord.

The scepticism regarding his proposed man-carrying stunt was widespread. Announcements promising a large sum of money to any man who would volunteer to cross Niagara on his back merely increased this. Would-be volunteers took one look at the rope, suspended above a "veritable inferno of waters," and changed their minds.

Blondin himself, after one crossing, had stepped out before the crowd and said: "Gentlemen—anyone what please to cross I carry him on my back." (Reporters comment: "No one seemed disposed to accept the kind offer.")

If already approached, Colcord kept mum. The account of his close friend, Jarvis Blume, Chicago Justice of the Peace, states: "At length Blondin made his long-pondered proposition to Colcord that the latter allow him to carry him on his back across Niagara. Colcord was surprised; he had not expected such a proposition; he hesitated at the tremendous risk; but after some time, when he had seen Blondin with ease and confidence make the

passage alone, he made up his mind to make the dangerous venture. So the matter was arranged and the day of the critical attempt decided on. Small thought had they of unscrupulous gamblers, nought dreamed they of human vultures who for greed would not shrink from murder."

Colcord, cast in role of undesirable hero, was 31; he weighed 135 pounds. From Blondin, who carried him at some of his theatre appearances, he received \$125 a month. His preparation for the ride lay in a four years' trick on a whale ship. The Irish-American—he had some French blood, was sometimes called "Calcourt"—had a cool head, steady nerves.

That 19th of August, his courage notwithstanding, the most nerve-racked of the thousands in Niagara must have been Blondin's prospective human potato sack.

All morning, crowds poured in. Old and young, judge and ruffian, belle and barmaid, ace reporter like Augustus Rawlings of Leslie's, ace stereoscopists like J. Thomson with his new-fangled machine for picture taking, statesmen, divines, generals, members of Congress and of Parliament. The Bethel Sunday School of Buffalo took an excursion to the Falls that day. Volunteer firemen in gaudy red shirts marched in parade to the rope-walking. Bankers, lawyers, trappers, slender young Indian squaws, picturesque bucks, fashionables from the resort hotels—many of them Southerners, the gentlemen frock-coated and top-hatted, the ladies slim-waisted, their skirts billowing and beruffled. The world, and his wife, and his children, were all there.

Excursion trains ran on every line—nine cars from Buffalo carrying 2,500; 10 from Lewiston; 20 from Rochester, jam-packed; 35 loaded coaches on the Great Western. From Milwaukee there was a half-fare excursion. The fast-sailing steamer Arrow sent two loads of 1,200. The steamer Zimmerman brought 1,200 from Toronto. Hundreds arrived in carriages. Cumbersome omnibuses brought others. And so the crowd grew to the estimated 300,000.

Everywhere, there was a holiday air. Swindlers came out in force, some on river boats using wheelhouse chests as tables for three-card monte, some cajoling strangers into games of faro, or making a dollar with sweat cloths. Parties of all sizes picnicked on the grass. At makeshift booths the reckless swilled down rot-gut whisky or swallowed tartaric lemonade (four glasses for \$1—which upped the price of tartaric acid to \$400 a pound at that rate). The *haute monde* dined to strains of orchestras in the hotels; others queued up for a second lunch at eating places. Pickpockets lifted \$300 gold watches from Chicago gentlemen, or wallets with \$80 from others, or *porte monnaies* from unsuspecting ladies.

Fraud! They're Tied Together

Certain Toronto firemen, feeling their oats, pushed an unfortunately argumentative inebriate into the river, where he drowned—an excitement not scheduled.

Comfortable stagings all about the point, with seats one above the other, could hold just a fraction of the crowd. Hotel verandas were crammed; windows overflowed; tree limbs served as perches. The shores were so dense with spectators that both banks for some distance were a black mass of humanity.

Festival spirit reigned everywhere—except in the heart of the main character, Harry Colcord.

About 4 o'clock, Blondin put on a

Continued on page 32

the Express, "was even more wonderful than that of M. Blondin."

Surely, taking everything into consideration, Colcord would never make the ride again. But he did, twice, once for visiting royalty.

During the Prince of Wales' American tour the following year, Blondin performed for Albert Edward. This time the rope was stretched 230 feet above the whirlpool rapids. Admission to the walking was \$1. Big grandstands were built. The Prince, provided with glasses, sat in a rustic lodge. Thousands gaped at the Prince of Wales and the "Prince of Manila."

"For heaven's sake," a Colcord letter quotes his Royal Highness, "don't do anything extraordinary because I'm here."

Blondin audaciously offered to carry the Prince across. Invitation refused.

The correspondent of the Times (London) claimed the Prince urged Blondin not to carry Colcord.

With caution, however, Blondin started out for his third trip with Colcord. Tremblingly his feet took the inclined cord as he threw his body back against his passenger's weight.

All went well until the close of the first rest period. Remounting somehow became a terrible effort and twice Colcord slipped back.

Blondin oscillated violently on the rope. One report has it that Blondin quarreled fiercely with his partner and finally swore that he would leave Colcord on the rope! Staggered, Colcord remounted. But he decided, there and then, that never, never again would he make such a trip, even for what the Express announced as "the edification of His Royal Highness."

In a second crossing that day Blondin did the "even more desperate thing" he promised—made the trip on three-foot stilts.

The "edified" Prince who must, like the other beholders, have watched this

fearful stilt walking with "infinite pain" exclaimed, "Thank God, it's all over!" at the exhibition's end. He called Colcord a brave lad and kissed him.

Soon after, Blondin and Colcord parted. Blondin headed for London and the Crystal Palace (Edward's suggestion). He took his American wife and his children along and bought a West End home, Niagara Villa. There, in the central transept of Crystal Palace, he caused such a furore that one woman tried suicide because her husband would not take her to the show.

Still rope-dancing at 68, Blondin said, "I am happy in my garden, my workshop, my house of birds. Old? Yes, but I can waltz on a tightrope as well as ever." He was still getting \$500 a night. One season Leigh Hunt reckoned Blondin's take had been a cool \$55,000.

He did his last "walking" in Belfast when he was 72. Poor, betrayed by his "friends," he died at the century's close.

Colcord turned painter, and did well as portrait and landscape artist. We lose track of him at 70, when he lived in The Tremont House, Chicago. Presumably he died in that city.

In 1888, the "Prince of Manila" revisited Niagara. By then, other daredevils had followed, though none eclipsed him. He still cherished the gold-headed cane given to him by leading New York newsmen; the intricate headwork given (for his costume) by young squaws of Niagara—above all, a gold plaque inscribed:

"Presented to Mons. J. F. Blondin by the citizens of Niagara in appreciation of a feat never before attempted by man, but by him successfully performed on the 19th of August, 1859, that of carrying a man upon his back over the Falls of Niagara on a tightrope." ★

Rig for Summer

Continued from page 21

the way from the city to fetch them home in style.

If so, Lew didn't let on. He was busy with both eyes taking in a long, long drink of Sally as though it had to last him quite a while. Sally was doing all right in this department herself. They'd covered quite a lot of ground, it seemed, in just a few weeks.

There wasn't much to their conversation which I just happened to overhear without straining.

"You'll be back next summer?" Lew asked, anxiously.

"Sure thing," said Sally. "And you'll write me?"

"I'm not much for letters," said Lew, "but I'll try. What's your address?"

Sally was ready for this and she pressed a little piece of paper into his hand and seemed in no hurry to let go.

"This is my girl friend's address," she explained. "She'll see that I get your letters, unopened."

Lew studied on this a bit. He looked puzzled.

"Why can't I write you directly where you live and save time?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, a lot of reasons," said Sally, one ear cocked for her old man, who let out a bellow just then. "It's . . . it's too complicated to explain right now." She paused. "Well, good-by for another year," she said and stood on tiptoe and kissed him.

THAT was the end of summer for that year, so far as the residents of Pine Island were concerned; and the

end of that, in my humble opinion. Lew, when he got his bearings again, seemed to feel likewise. We'd always been close and confidential and finally he said: "I'm darned if I'll beat around Robinson's barn for any girl. If I can't write her honest and aboveboard, I just won't write."

He didn't either. He got two or three letters from Sally, but he never answered them. She sent him a Christmas card and after that she stopped trying. During the winter she came out in society and the next summer she didn't come back to the island, nor did her folks.

But Lew didn't take up with any of the local girls though plenty were both eligible and eager. Once or twice I caught him perusing the society notes in the city paper where it said that Miss Sally Quirt, the popular young debutante, was figuring prominently in and about dances and parties that season.

Lew made no comment on this, however.

Some months later I came across her picture in the Sunday Rotogravure: same little Sally only prettier if possible. It seemed that she was about to co-skipper one of those dinky little knockabouts the rich folks race. I showed this to Lew.

"Who's the boy friend?" he enquired casually—referring to a husky, vitamin-fed product in white ducks who was grinning at Sally in the glossy rotogravure.

The caption indicated that this was the son of Cyrus Flack, the leather king, and a most eligible bachelor. In fact it was rumored that he and Sally were thus and so.

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Continued from page 30
"tesser." Issuing from the American side clad in silk tights, his feet in rough-dressed buckskins, he stepped on the rope. When he had gone 20 feet he laid his balance pole across the guys, so he might stand on his head. He turned somersaults, then tripped with no pole to the Canadian side. Returning to pick up his pole, he swung along the strand, his body suspended like an ape's. Then back to Canada.

From their huge throats the locomotives drawn up on both banks and bridges sent forth loud whistles at this. Some of the trains made excellent grandstands.

This fooling must have left Blondin less fresh for the real business of the day—at least he preferred to rest 15 minutes before he took up his human burden. The gentlemen of the Press sat tensely behind a table provided for them and well-supplied with field glasses. On the opposite shore more newsmen had a similar table and glasses.

When the gamblers saw that Colcord was going through with it, they began to worry.

Blondin's appearance on the Canadian brink brought a silence to the throng. Hooks hung from his costume at all sides, but without their aid Colcord nimbly mounted the balancer's back, sustaining his weight by placing his hands on Blondin's shoulders. He rested his legs in the hooks.

One witness, at least, observed that a rope joined the men who had arranged if either fell, the other would fling himself to the opposite side of the main strand letting the cord that joined them fall across it so as to suspend them safely above the flood.

Blondin lifted his pole, set it horizontally, gave a hunch to his shoulders. The journey began.

Watchers in the States seeing him step out so briskly did not believe he bore human freight. Sight-seers in small chartered craft 200 feet beneath craned their necks—had he started? Before Blondin would come above these he must cover a section of rope stretching high above groves of dark timber. Intently all watched. The balance pole jutted well over each side of the rope. Rhythmically it wavered as, foot by cautious foot, Blondin advanced.

Terror of Tumbling Torrents

"Harry," Blondin had warned Colcord before setting out, "be sure and let yourself rest all the time like a dead weight on my back. If I should sway or stumble on no account attempt to balance yourself."

"I determined to follow his advice," Colcord wrote in a letter to his friend Jarvis Blume. "My first thrill occurred as we started over the pine trees whose tops bristled far beneath us between the cliffs and the river. It seemed far more terrifying than out over the water. My heart was in my mouth as we began to descend the rope."

Blondin had no idea about the effect an added 135 pounds might have on the rope. Only confidence in Blondin kept his passenger from panic. But the torturingly slow progress! The furious roar of tumbling falls! The wind brushing past shaking the rope! The feeling of space.

Colcord dreaded most dismounting to rest Blondin. He had to slip to a three-inch rope, vibrating horribly, to gain footing in mid-air. Dismount he must so Blondin could gather fresh strength for the tedious journey.

Clinging gingerly to Blondin's smooth tights Colcord made his first descent to the rope. One false move and the gamblers would rejoice. Cautiously he found the rope and there clung to

Blondin, hands on the Frenchman's either side, while the latter let his balance pole work their protection. This was the first of seven descents. Then up—no easy climb—to what seemed to Colcord to be comparative safety.

Blondin carried a hat for an extra diversion on one of these halts. On the Maid of the Mist, riding below her decks alive with onlookers, Capt. Travis waited, pistol at the ready. The halt came—Blondin held the hat at arm's length. Travis fired—up. A miss. A second shot. No luck. A third. Jauntily Blondin waved the hat to signify a bullet had pierced it. Did Travis hit the hat? Hardly. For Travis to shoot this distance—more than 200 feet, made greater by the angle of the boat's position—using a pistol of the period was an utter impossibility, let alone hit the target. Truth is, his gun lacked bullets. The hat, however, with a faked hole, later brought \$50 from a souvenir hunter and, at the moment, cheers rang on the Maid's deck.

An Attempt at Murder

Advancing again Blondin slowly neared the centre sag, unsupported for a length of 40 feet—the slope down, a 20% grade. He had gone about 10 feet after a rest before suddenly swaying, tottering. He flailed his pole furiously. He had lost his balance. This was no feigned slip, to horrify the crowd—this was real! Though spectators swooned, women screamed with fear, Colcord did not budge. In that awesome second Blondin's words held him firm. If Colcord moved both would plunge to destruction.

Frantically Blondin began to run. His pole thrashing he ran 30 feet to the first guy line from the American bank. With relief he placed his foot on the guy. It broke. Sensation!

Criminal gamblers had purposely weakened the line in an effort to throw both men from the rope. They almost succeeded. The rope, pulled by its corresponding guy, jerked crazily sideways. Here was the climax! Those on shore sensed fearful peril for the two bobbing about. With miraculous agility Blondin reached the next guy, 20 feet beyond.

"Get off—quick!" he commanded.

Every muscle of his body was tense. Perspiration trickled from him. Yet he was cool, disciplined, motionless. Presently he ordered Colcord up again.

The American shore was getting nearer, so near it became a sea of straining faces. Alarmed faces. Faces wet with tears. Musicians ready to play a welcome were too agitated to do more than make discordant notes on their instruments. This time Colcord warned Blondin.

"Here comes our real danger. All these people are likely to rush at us on landing and crowd us over the banks." Banks 160 feet high.

"What shall I do?"

"Make a rush, dive right through them," advised Colcord.

With that rush the trip ended. Crowds swarmed over the pair, rained them to their shoulders. Cheers drowned Niagara's roar. Pandemonium there was indeed. To Colcord the 45-minute-long ride had seemed an eternity.

"Pshaw, let's go, it's a fraud and a humbug!" a woman cried out.

Other onlookers, feeling differently, collected \$40,000 for the pair. Gold coins bought Colcord's autograph. He reaped the greater notice; being unhampered by language difficulties he could talk freely to reporters, but, also, because of his nerve.

"The part of Mr. Colcord," stated

All Canada is applauding RCA Victor's greatest musical achievement



BETTER MUSIC AT LESS COST

It's RCA Victor's
new 45 rpm system of recorded
music

For the first time, a record and an automatic player have been designed especially for each other. See and hear the amazing new RCA Victor 45 rpm system at your RCA Victor dealer's right away. You'll discover "live talent" tone of a clarity and color almost beyond belief. That's because ALL the music — for the first time in history — is in the distortion-free zone away from the centre of the record. These non-breakable vinyl records cost only 75¢ for popular, \$1.25 for Red Seal, wear up to 10 times longer than ordinary records — and there's virtually no surface noise.

You'll discover new conveniences to match this musical brilliance and economy. The world's fastest automatic changer plays more than 40 minutes with just one touch of a button and it's smaller, more compact than you would have believed possible. Records are smaller too — only 6 7/8" wide — and all the same size for every type of music. All fit the same changer, play in any "mixture" or sequence you choose . . . and stack in an ordinary bookshelf — 150 of them to the foot.

There's a thrilling musical experience in store for you — at your RCA Victor dealer's.

If you own a conventional player you can continue to enjoy a full selection of 78 rpm RCA Victor recordings. All new RCA Victor releases will be issued on the 10" and 12" conventional records too!



ALL WITH THE FAMOUS
"Golden Throat"
Finest tone system
in RCA Victor history



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color for every
type of music!

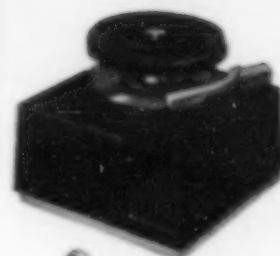
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...WORLD LEADER IN RADIO... FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC... FIRST IN TELEVISION



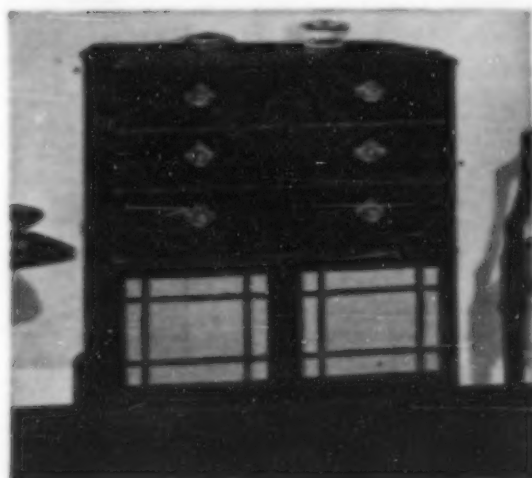
This amazingly inexpensive "plug-in" player is all you need to enjoy the new 45 rpm records through your present radio or radio-phonograph. Plays up to 8 records — more than 40 minutes. Can be easily connected to your present set. Model 9-JY **\$29.95**



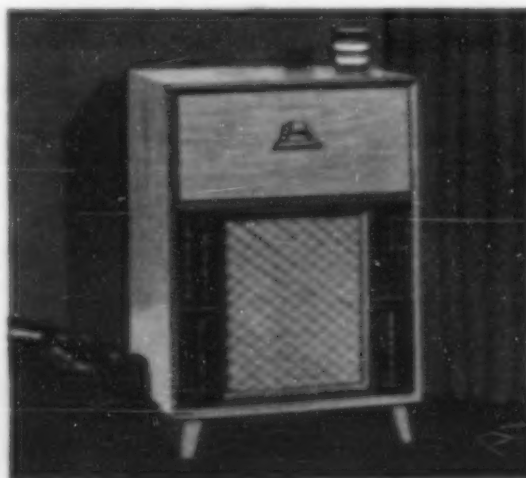
A complete automatic phonograph less than 10" square! Takes up to 8 of the new 45 rpm records, plays more than 40 minutes with world's fastest, simplest changer. You'll hardly believe a set so small could have such glorious tone and volume. Could cost 50 little. Model 9-4Y-3 **\$54.95**



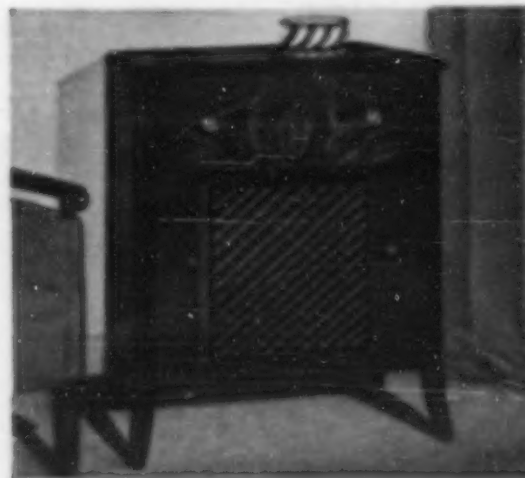
The secret of "live talent" quality. Theoretically, every record can have a "Quality Zone" in which no distortion occurs. Here is the first to be recorded entirely in the "Quality Zone". A new speed, size and groove have all made possible a record free from distortion over its entire playing surface.



The period dignity of Chippendale with Chinese influence in gleaming walnut veneers. In this exquisite cabinet, you'll find a powerful 9-tube Standard and Short Wave radio . . . storage for 216 of the new 6 7/8" records . . . and the sensational new 45 rpm System. RCA Victor 9-W-91.



Compactly designed for the apartment-sized modern interior . . . superbly executed in walnut, mahogany or natural blonde Korina. Top front panel opens down . . . 45 rpm automatic record player rolls out at touch of a finger. Selective 5-tube Standard radio. RCA Victor 9-W-591.

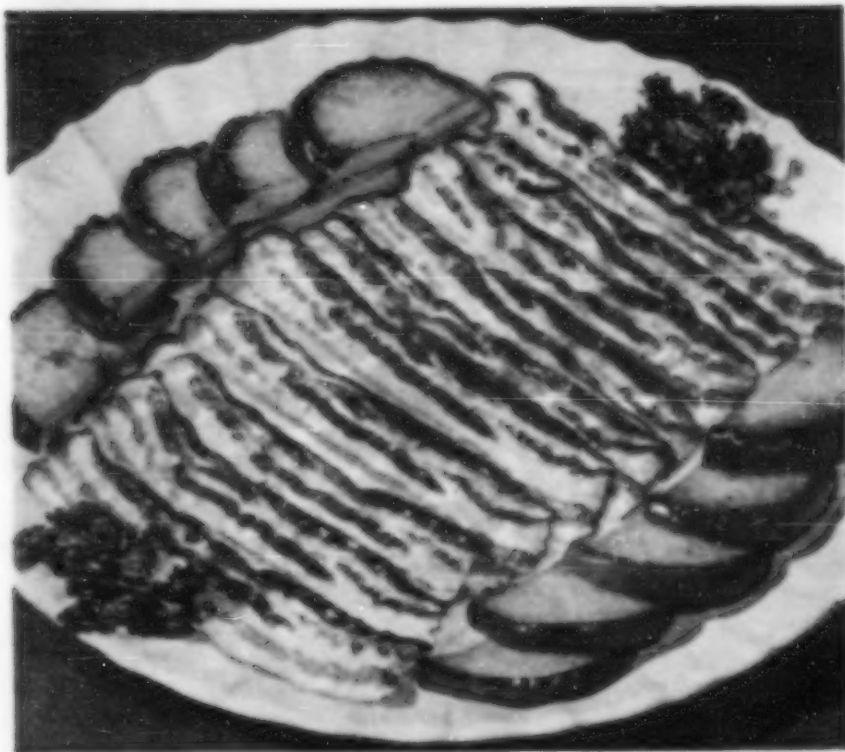


Styled in the 18th century Sheraton tradition . . . in your choice of lustrous mahogany, walnut or lined oak veneers. Upper front panel opens down, desk fashion, to reveal radio and 45 rpm phonograph. Superb Standard and Short Wave reception with powerful 7-tube radio. RCA Victor 9-W-71.



HURRY ON DOWN, cherubs . . . Dad's right behind you!

There's Swift's Premium Bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured any day! What a savoury, flavoury way to spark the brighter breakfasts active minds and bodies need! So rich in food energy, with that everytime-dependable quality and famous sweet smoke taste . . . no wonder Canada actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to all other leading brands combined!



COOKING IT RIGHT IS EASY! Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates (and save for future use). Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.



Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

"You reckon that's what she wants?" said Lew, calmly.

"Could be," I said. "Birds of a feather; rich get rich."

"Sounds logical and right," said Lew.

Couple of days later, however, he did a funny thing. We were coming in from outside with Lew at the wheel—my boat had broken down and we hauled together that day—when he suddenly steered in to old man Quirt's dock. I'd noticed he'd been studying the cottage on the way out. Lew never studied anything without a reason.

"Back in a jiffy," he said and hopped ashore, hammer in hand. A minute later I saw him up on the roof where the tar paper was torn and wrinkled. He worked away up there with a handful of shingles and by and by he came back and cast off again, without a word.

"Only thanks old man Quirt will give for that is to have you arrested for trespass," I observed presently.

"That's Sally's room it's weathering in on," Lew replied. She'll be back, one of these days."

So he wasn't over it, after all.

HE WAS right. Sally did come back that next summer, with her ma and pa. Old man Quirt was pretty feeble by now, and age hadn't altered his disposition for the better. The old lady looked more resigned than ever. But Sally was the same natural herself—all of nineteen and something to see.

Well, not quite. Sally'd always acted as though life were fun and the world her particular oyster. Now she didn't seem so sure. She looked tired and bewildered, as though she'd been running around in circles looking for something she couldn't quite put her finger on. I began to wonder if old Jasper was right, those many years ago, and if Quirt and his kind were beginning to get hold of her at last.

Right away Sally dispelled this particular doubt. Lew and I were towing in a load of birch from one of the outer islands when she came alongside in the Chriscraft her dad had bought to take the place of the Annabelle. We were beginning to get good engines in our boats by this time and Quirt couldn't bear to be passed by anyone: especially not by a lobsterman.

So, then here were the speedboat and Sally in her jersey and dungarees in which she looked better than many a girl in her best, and the old familiar grin and greeting we knew so well—

"Hi, there! Bet you thought I was gone for good."

I admitted that I had had some doubts—not shared by all hands, however. Sally caught on and she looked at Lew.

"Then you must have been the kind soul who fixed the roof," she said to him. "Gee, thanks a lot."

"Nothing to that," said Lew.

So far everything was dandy. But right there Sally made a mistake.

"We'd like to pay you for your trouble," she said.

I could feel Lew stiffen. The grin froze on his face.

"No charge," he said.

"It was Dad's idea," Sally explained. "I knew you'd feel like that."

She sat there at the wheel of the speedboat, the motor idling and the exhaust fretting and you could see she was sorry. Lew couldn't see, however, for he wasn't looking at her at all but way off somewhere else. Somebody was bound to say something, so I asked: "How long you going to be up this summer, Sal?"

She thought this over a little while before she said: "I don't rightly know. We've got friends coming up in two weeks and after that, well, it depends.

Perhaps we'll leave the first of August," she added and I slipped Lew a little worried glance to see how this struck him.

I nudged Lew, but you might just as well nudge a road roller. When he gets sensitive, he shuts down and out-clams a clam.

Sally tried another track. "These people will want to have a taste of deep-sea fishing. Do you suppose one of you boys could take us out?"

"Don't believe I can spare the time from my traps," Lew said. "But Arthur might oblige you." He kicked the shift rod and we began to move ahead.

I could see the little white line of Sally's chin grown firm and I batted down the hatches for a blow, figuratively speaking. She threw in the engine of her own boat and slid alongside again.

"Thanks, Arthur," she said, though I hadn't opened my face. "You're always been most accommodating." With that she gunned the motor and the Chriscraft almost jumped out of its mahogany hide. Off she went, blond hair and spray flying.

POWERFUL hurry, isn't she?" Lew observed.

I felt like throwing him down and tromping on him.

"Now what do you want to be so contrary for?" I asked. "You know right well you could spare a day from your traps."

"I could," Lew said, "but I guess I don't have to jump every time she whistles. Rich people give me a pain."

"Sally's not people," I reminded him. "She's just plain folks and you know it."

"Still and all she's rich—or will be some day."

"Well, what of that? What difference does it make?"

"Plenty," said Lew. "I'm figuring on doing the keeping in my family."

I said, "But aren't you getting a little ahead of yourself, Lew. The point in question appears to me to be a fishing party, not matrimony."

Lew didn't answer and we left the matter there, for the time being.

THE VISITORS appeared, but they didn't arrive quite the way we expected. They came sailing down in a great black Marconi rig yawl that was all brass and spit, and they dropped anchor in the cover on Pine Island. A lot of very fancy people went ashore in a dinghy with an egg beater on behind to save rowing a few rods.

Right away I recognized the skipper of this outfit. It was young White Ducks of the races and the leather fortune. The way he greeted Sally on the landing left no room to doubt where his cap was pointed.

It was a Tuesday when the folks over on Pine Island wanted to go fishing and Dad's big old Friendship sloop they wanted to have carry 'em. The last was Sally's decision. Whereupon Lew, in that odd turn-about fashion of his, made one of his own.

"I do believe I'll join you," he said to me, at the last minute. "Those yacht club sailors won't be much help. You'll need a hand, hoisting and lowering."

We found plenty of old sea out by the Old Woman Ledge and codfish, likewise, and all this was duck soup to the boys and girls of the Jolly Roger as the yawl was called. After fishing, we had a monstrous clam bake on shore with considerable champagne for the upper crust. They took us right into their midst and while Lew and I skipped the fizz, it was all very demo-

Continued on page 36



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Ride like a King in a Monarch



Prized possession . . . that's how thousands of proud owners feel about this bigger, longer, lower Monarch. And they have proved it *through and through!* With months and thousands of miles of ownership behind them, they still marvel at the instant response of accelerator, brakes and steering wheel. They still thrill to the flashing brilliance of Monarch's 110 Hp. V-8 performance. They still delight to lean back

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Continued from page 34
cratic and good fun as Sally's expeditions always were.

The breeze freshened with the turn of the tide. I gave the tiller to Lew and I thought—now we'll see. Going back we wallowed and lurched and yeed and yawed. Nobody changed a particle of color, leastwise not this Roger Flack. It turned out he was a born sailor who knew just what to do and did it before Lew could tell him or I could get to it.

On the outside Lew took all this in stride, but down in I could hear him bubble. He'd got a hunch that he wasn't showing Sally a thing about sailing a sloop that Mister Flack didn't know or couldn't do himself, and that's a hard mouthful for any Coast man to swallow.

Anyway he spanked old Betty home close-hauled to the last inch and the way he did it was a caution. I was glad Dad wasn't around to see him heel her over. Betty was thirty if she was a day, and she groaned and complained plenty, but she took it like a lady.

"Nice going, Captain," applauded this Roger when Lew came about and put the Betty alongside Quirt's dock, nice and gentle as a lamb. "I'd be happy if you'd come out with me tomorrow and work out the Roger. She's new and needs a good shakedown."

Lew didn't go for this "Cap'n" stuff any more than he did young Mister Flack. "I'll hold with old Betty," he said, real short, "if it's all the same to you."

"Why sure, sure," said Roger Flack, looking surprised and puzzled. "Didn't mean any offense to the Betty. She's swell. Finest Friendship I ever saw. The way you handled her was great."

"Thanks," said Lew drily. "Cast off, Arthur, and let's be on our way."

Sally didn't miss any of this. I could see her little chin go up as she looked at Lew. Then she turned to her guest.

"I'll go out with you, Roge," she said, her voice clear and carrying. "In fact I might take you up on that invitation to cruise the Reach, after all."

"Gee, that's swell," said the boy, bustling over with pleasure, "but I thought you said—"

"Changed my mind," she interrupted. "Female prerogative." She slipped her arm through his and they went up the path together.

For once I held my tongue. I was ashamed of Lew for being so short and yet, in a way, I understood. By and by he let down and sighed. He looked all in. "Guess I shouldn't have said that," he admitted as Lew always does when he's wrong and knows it. "He meant no harm."

We coasted past the yawl and Lew's face lit up in spite of himself. "I did want to try her awfully," he said, boylike. "Ain't she a honey? What I wouldn't give for a craft like that, just to pleasure with."

"Might as well wish for the moon on a piece of pie," I said.

"Feller can dream, can't he?"

"It appears to me that's all some fellers do," I said. "When you going to wake up, mister?"

"Right about now," said Lew, unconsciously squaring his shoulders as though he were bracing against something, or somebody. "That cruise ought to fix it, reckon?"

"Shouldn't be surprised."

Lew nodded. "He's not a bad sort. She could do worse."

I didn't contradict him. I was beginning to think maybe I'd been playing wrong hunches all the time.

SALLY didn't cruise long, however. After a bare week she was back—by train. I'd been fetching for the

Quirts in the meanwhile and when I remarked on this, she just said: "I was worried about Dad—and things."

No details.

Something had happened either on the cruise or to Sally or maybe both, so much was clear to me. Oh, Sally said hello as always, with a little smile, but her eyes darted about as though she half hoped she'd see somebody and half hoped she wouldn't. If the somebody was Lew, she was wasting her time. He'd put out fifty extra traps and seemed bound to catch every lobster in the sea, if it took him from dawn to dark, which it did.

So Sally did her business on the mainland and did it fast without tarrying: nor for that matter did the summer. The season is short enough, Lord knows, but this one had wings. Hardly was it August when September first came rolling around, taking me over to Pine Island to help close up as usual. But this year there was a difference I could smell directly I set foot on the island.

Sally and I dragged the Chriscraft out of the water, the two of us and a power windlass, and we pulled in the mowings and the skiff. Then we went to work on the cottage shutters. All this time Sally hardly said a word and her face was grim. There was an awful air of finality about everything we did and presently, just to break the silence, I said: "Summer folks always leave just as the weather gets good. You ought to stay on through September, Sally."

"I'd like to," she said, simply, and looked over the fields of yellow golden-rod with what we call the fall change hanging close.

"Pretty soon those maples will begin to flame pure gold and red," I continued, "and the evergreens grow darker. Ducks will commence to V down onto the mussel beds and way up high against the full moon you'll see the geese honking south. On shore the working will be over, and the hurting and living will begin. The day will be blue and white, and the nights nippy and bright with Northern Lights. Fall's really something to see, up here."

Sally looked at me and out to sea and back again. Her blue eyes filled with tears. "Please, Arthur," she said. "Don't tell me any more."

"Did I say something wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, no, no," she said. "It's all so wonderful and right. It's what I want more than anything in the world, if only—" She broke off and made an effort to pull herself together. "You see, we're closing the cottage for good, this time. Mother has never liked it here and Dad is old and ill and I—I—"

She ran into the house and shut the door.

SO THAT'S IT, I thought. I felt pretty bad myself and put a shutter on upside down before I got hold of myself. Not to have Sally around was something unthinkable. Summer wouldn't be summer without her.

I finished up what I had to do and dashed back to the Main to look for that brother of mine, thinking I'd bash some sense into his head before it was too late—for I knew from what Sally hadn't said that this didn't have to happen. I found him and Lew listened. At least he let me talk until I'd run down and had to stop for breath.

"Anything else you'd like to get off your chest?" he asked.

"Plenty," I said, "but it's your turn to talk now."

Lew looked unhappy. He also looked stubborn.

"I've been getting over Sally, or trying to, the best way I know how."

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Continued from page 36

It's not easy and you're not helping any. Why don't you mind your own business, for a change?"

"Besides," he added, as though he'd been repeating it to convince himself, "it just wouldn't work, that's all."

I opened my mouth to contradict him, but Lew had had enough. "You keep still, Arthur," he said very quietly. "or you and me are going to have trouble."

That was the last of him for that day.

We all worried and fretted, Ma especially, but Lew didn't show up by nightfall nor the next morning when I went over to pick up the Quirts and their duffle.

Old Lady Quirt lowered in and thanked heaven this was the last time. The old man, all wrapped up in his bum ticker, merely grunted and Sally was no help. She was pale as a ghost as though she hadn't slept a wink, which was doubtless true. All the way over she perched on the stern, leaning her cheek against the jigger mast and watching the island drop away.

At the town float she swept her eyes around and then she came and stood by me. "I hate good-byes," she said. "Especially this one. So will you tell your folks?" I nodded. "And—Lew?" she added. "I suppose he's off at his traps."

"I can't rightly say just where he is," I said.

"You told him we were leaving today?"

I wanted to spare Sally but I couldn't lie to her; not with those blue eyes on me.

"He knows," I said. "Oh," she said and turned to the baggage. There was a lot of it, more than usual and we didn't strain ourselves. We took our time but we couldn't stall forever. I was going back for the last load when I saw Lew's boat tearing down between the islands, wide open.

"He's coming now," I whispered to Sally, "hell bent for election."

She hesitated a moment, worrying her lip with her teeth, and then she took off for the float with me right behind her. I couldn't see Lew's face beneath his long-visored cap but there was something mighty anxious about the way he was crouched forward over the stick, like a man who's made up his mind and is afraid he's too late to do anything about it.

He saw Sally and relief was written all over his face. In he came with a great wash of wake that flooded the float and ran up over her ankles, only she didn't seem to notice. Lew hopped out, tossed the painter in the general direction of a post and in just two strides he got alongside. Then he hauled up short, breathing fast and just looked at her.

Everybody's Seeing Red

Continued from page 14

a wife and family in his native Communist-governed country I shall not reveal his identity or his occupation. It is sufficient that he is a man of fine education and one of the professional classes.

"I have come to see you," he said, "because I have read your articles many times and admired your reasonable attitude toward European political problems. I once shared your views. To me it was impossible that a man's nature would change merely because he became a Nazi or a Communist. Now I know that I was wrong. And perhaps you will not take offense if I say that you are wrong. Reasonable

Sally spoke first. "I was afraid you wouldn't make it, Lew," she said. "I—wanted to tell you good-by. Only it's for keeps, this time."

"Arthur allowed as much," said Lew and fidgeted a little. "Is that the way you want it, Sally?"

She looked halfway between mad and tears. "Of course it's not," she said. "You know how I feel about—things up here. Or you would, if you'd ever cared to ask."

"I've wanted to, Sally," he confessed. "Lots of times. But it didn't seem I had any right. Is it too late to ask now?"

Sally studied on that and when she answered, it wasn't directly. "This place means a lot of things to me," she said, "all the important ones. It means sun and sky and air to breathe and space to live in and folks—not people, folks. Like your mother and dad and the boys and Arthur. And you." She dropped her voice. "Especially you."

"Me?" whispered Lew, hardly daring to believe he'd heard right.

"Of course. There's never been anyone else, Lew," she said. "You're all of it."

Lew's face blazed up to glory, like a juniper bush taking fire, but only for a moment. He looked down at his rubber boots and his big hands twitched. Then he faced Sally square and honest.

"I'm just a lobsterman, Sally, and probably always will be. I ain't—haven't much to offer a somebody like you. I do all right in my way and what's mine is paid for. That's about all."

"Go on, Lew," said Sally, taking a deep breath. "Go on."

"That's the extent of it, Sally, except—except anybody takes up with me has got to live my way on what I earn and share pot luck what comes."

"Of course," breathed Sally. Her eyes were dancing now as if Lew were painting a wonderful picture right in front of her. "It has to be your way, darling."

That last boosted him over the fence.

"So what I'm trying to say is if you've got a hankering to stay around here, if you don't want to go—you don't have to. I—I guess I love you, Sally."

I secured Lew's boat and then I went away quietly, though I could have danced a jig for all those two would know or care. Up on the land I met old man Quirt, shirttails flying, so to speak.

"Where's Sally?" he bellowed in something like his old form. "What's keeping her down there?"

This was a moment I had been waiting considerable years. I let him dangle a minute. Then I said.

"Lew is, Mister Quirt, and from the looks of things, he means it to be permanent." ★

men are the Communist Party's most valuable fifth column."

You will agree that it was not a bad opening to a conversation, but for once I was more eager to listen than to argue, and certainly he was willing to talk.

He told me that when the Communist Party seized control in his country there was every sign that the new government intended to rule wisely and there was actual rejoicing among the workers and peasants. He himself felt reassured and pursued his professional activities without interference of any kind.

Then came a sudden arrest of the leaders of the opposition parties. They had, or course, been plotting with Western powers for the overthrow of the peoples' government. Apparently one of the arrested men had actually

such Beauty!
such Performance!



"The most beautiful washer I've ever used, ever seen!" That's what thousands of housewives say about their Inglis washer.

Such praise is easy to explain. The Inglis washer is smoothly streamlined . . . easy for you to clean . . . no sharp edges to tear clothes.

The big tub with three-vane Surgilator really does get your clothes clean faster, more gently. Convenient centre drain empties the tub in 30 seconds.

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Nine models to choose from! See your Inglis dealer for easy payment terms.

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Consumer Products Division, John Inglis Co. Limited, Toronto

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When choosing apples for eating or cooking, you look for fine flavour and firm texture—qualities for which Canadian apples are famous. Canada's invigorating climate and fertile soil produce many varieties of apples for the world's enjoyment.

Why Seagram's sells Canada first

This is an adaptation of one of a series of advertisements designed by The House of Seagram to promote the prestige of Canada and help sell Canadian products to the markets of the world.

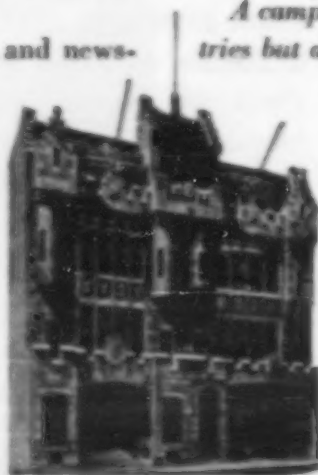
The campaign is appearing in magazines and newspapers published in various languages and circulated throughout the world. The peoples of many lands are told about the quality of Canadian products and see Canadian scenes illustrating these products.

The advertisements are in keeping with the belief of The House of Seagram that the future of each business enterprise in Canada is inextricably bound up in the future of Canada itself; and that it is in

the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets.

♦ ♦ ♦

A campaign such as this not only helps Canadian industries but also puts money in the pocket of every Canadian citizen. One dollar out of every three we earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. The more we can sell abroad the more prosperous we will be at home. We can sell more and we will sell more when the peoples of the world are told of the quality and availability of our Canadian products. It is with this objective that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram

Russia, but you and the Americans are doing so little for the millions of dispossessed persons in Germany that you are creating a vast reserve force of despair."

As I had to go to Parliament we ended the conversation and he went out into his world of loneliness and deepening shadows.

The house of Commons was in an angry mood. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was under a fire of questions about a young British woman working in our embassy at Moscow who had been kidnaped after announcing her intention of returning to Britain.

[Had the Foreign Office protested?—Yes, it had. But in what terms?—The protest was strongly worded. What reply had the Soviet made?—No reply had yet been received.]

Up rose a Conservative M.P. "When," he roared "is the Government going to show some guts?"

It was not a particularly classic phrase but it expressed the feelings of nearly all sections of the House. It was almost like the Saturday night of September 2, 1939, when the Conservatives, ashamed of Chamberlain's hesitant speech, shouted to the Socialist leader Greenwood: "Speak for Britain!" It is always easy to urge action upon those in authority.

Excuse me until I answer the tyrannical telephone. "Colonel G.? Yes. You want me to speak at a gymkhana where there'll be about 6,000? It's a long time, Colonel, since I've spoken to horses, but unfortunately I'll be in Canada. Sorry. Not at all. Yes it's very hot. I'm fine, how are you? Yes. Yes. It's too bad. The coming election? Good-by.

The next question to the under-secretary was about Russia breaking her agreement in Berlin and only allowing four trucks through at a time.

[Had the British Government protested?—Yes, but so far there was no reply from the Soviet authorities. What was the Government going to do about it?—Another angry roar swept the chamber.

The Minister of Labor then entered the ring. Anthony Eden rose to ask him if he had anything to say about the London dock strike.

Poor little George Isaacs, his voice hoarse and tired, told us how Communist agitators from Canada had joined their comrades here to mislead and bedevil the decent, credulous, British dockers. In the meantime, said the Minister, troops had been sent to unload perishable cargoes from the ships.

"The whole thing has been badly bungled," said Eden, "but the Government will have the full support of the Opposition in any measures it takes."

Assassins on the Stage

A Conservative M.P. murmured: "I wonder if the situation were reversed and we sent troops to break a strike, how many Socialists would have supported us!" However, as he only murmured the words they did not reach the other side or appear next day in *Hansard*.

Communism. Communism. Communism. That word has taken the place of "Hitler" that used to heat upon our ears like an endless "Bolero." But this time it is different. The civilized world is awake to its danger.

Excuse me, the telephone again. It's a pleasing American voice. Two students from Detroit with a letter of introduction. Yes, of course. The House of Commons at 5 o'clock. Charles and Cromwell will have to do their stuff again. Don't forget that we're using Doug Abbott at the Dorchester at 6.

That evening it was a relief to go to the theatre for the first night of a new play called "The Ivory Tower." No doubt it would be the story of a maiden and her suitors. At any rate it would be good to escape from Communism for a couple of hours.

The curtain rose on a living room with a balcony, beyond which we saw the towers of Prague. The Communists have seized power and the existing foreign secretary has resigned so as not to provoke strife. In other words it is the story of Jan Masaryk who officially hurled himself to death from the balcony—although most of us believe he was murdered.

A beautifully written play and well acted—but does the public want Communism when it goes to the theatre?

Late that night the BBC informed us that the Australian Government had ordered the arrest of Communist agitators in connection with the coal strike.

I know that only a few weeks ago in my *London Letter* I argued that Communism should be allowed to operate in the open and not driven underground, and that they should be permitted to preach their doctrine in Parliament and in the market square.

After the events of yesterday, which began with the visit of the refugees and ended with the tragedy of Jan Masaryk, I am beginning to wonder if we can allow to the Communists the freedom which they are determined to destroy.

The two telephones squat in silence on my table as if they, too, are thinking out the problem before they speak again. ★

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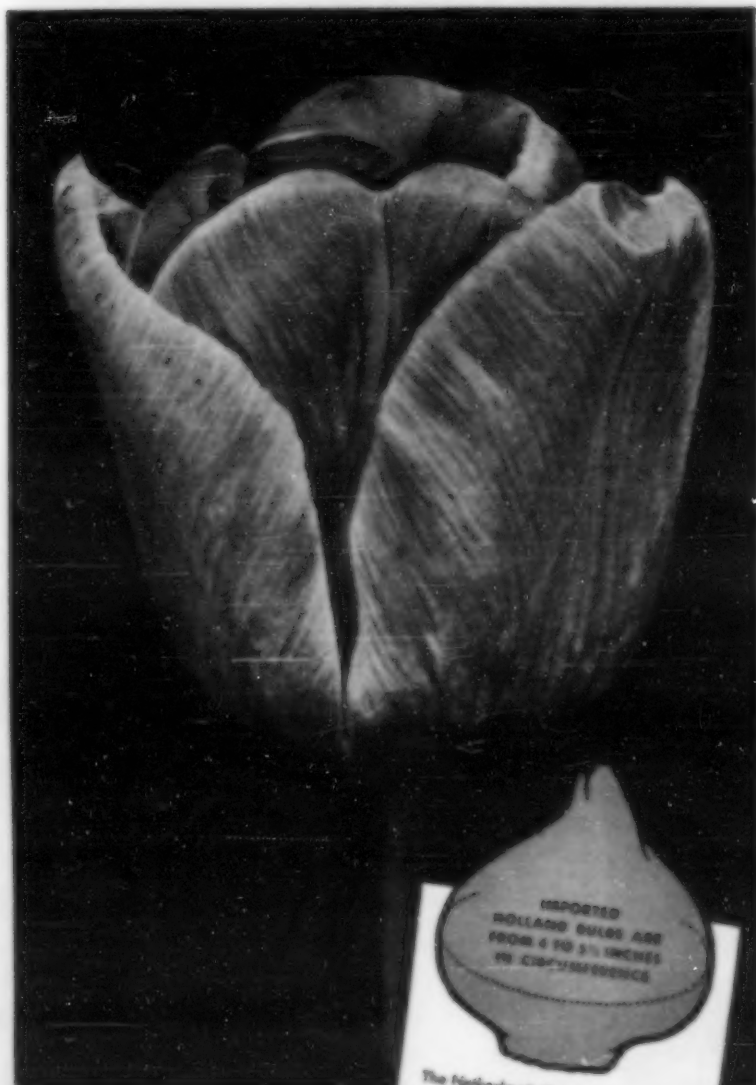
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gone to a reception at the British embassy.

A little later all the landowners of country estates were dispossessed and issued with identity cards on which was stamped the word "beast." It was then made known that if as a result of controversy any "beast" was killed there would be no prosecution of the patriot involved.

I looked carefully at my guest to try and discover whether he was telling the absolute truth. For years on end I have been listening to propagandists with the result that I have developed an understandable resistance complex. Yet if ever I saw an honest man it was this strange visitor. His eyes were wide apart and frank. His voice was quiet and he spoke with complete simplicity.

"The next thing they did," he said, "was to depress the standard of living of the workers until it must have become the lowest in Europe."

This seemed strange. Not even a Communist government can rule without some measure of popular support. So what was the motive?

Russia at War?—Not This Summer

"First," he said, "to break the spirit of the people and then to give more pay and promotion to those who did special service to the party, such as reporting fellow workers who criticized the regime, not only fellow workers but relatives. It did not matter whether the charges were true or not. The subsequent arrests terrified the people so that none of us dared speak our minds on any subject."

"You must realize that one of the first victims of Communism is the human mind. The second is the human soul."

A few months later he received a secret warning that he was going to be arrested and he escaped across the frontier into a neighboring satellite country.

"Was it easy to escape?" I asked.

"I was fortunate," he answered. "Two out of three are killed trying to get across. A soldier is given a bonus and immediate promotion if he shoots a person trying to escape."

It was strange to sit in an English garden with the summer breeze rustling the leaves while this stranger told of man's inhumanity to man. Reason and the sense cried out that it could not be true, that the story was the exaggeration of a mind embittered by harsh experience. And yet . . .

"Are you going to write or lecture about your experiences?"

He paused for a moment and then looked straight at me. "If I reveal my identity my wife and children will pay the penalty. They are hostages. But that may be the price that they and I will have to pay. I do not know how I can be silent. This is a war of Christianity against evil, and can I remain a neutral?"

For a few minutes he continued his story of how he was first welcomed in the neighboring country, then arrested and sent to work in the mines. Then another escape, and so to England, traditional haven for the political exile.

From this we talked about the policy of Communism and the plans of the Kremlin. "You will agree," I said, "that the Allies showed their mettle in the Berlin air lift. That was the one decisive victory of the cold war."

He nodded. "You won the battle of the air lift and lost the battle for China. It drained your transport planes which were essential to the China campaign. The Russians do not think they have lost on that bargain."

Still prodding him I asked what was likely to happen in Bulgaria now that

Stalin's white-haired boy Dimitrov was dead. His wide eyes opened wider still. "Dimitrov was murdered in Moscow," he said calmly. "He was planning a Tito-Dimitrov axis with the idea of becoming independent of Moscow. Everyone knew that."

I must confess that in London we had noted that Dimitrov's death coincided dramatically with his summons to Moscow, but we had not heard of the plot with Tito. Perhaps the Foreign Office had some knowledge of that plot—perhaps even some part in it!—But if so it was a well-kept secret.

"Russia has no interest in America," said my visitor. "America is not ripe for plucking and the Soviet knows it. The one country that Stalin is watching day and night is England. If he can bring about the collapse of England then western civilization is beaten. There can be no other heart of the civilized world than England—and if that heart stops beating . . ." He shrugged his shoulders and did not complete the sentence.

"Will Russia go to war?"

"Not this summer."

"If Russia goes to war will there be uprisings against the regime?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And in the satellite states?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Could Russia win a war against the West?"

"In fighting, no. But the destruction would be so great that Communism would sweep the world."

"Then you do not believe in Russian imperialism and Russian expansion?"

"No, I do not. I believe in Communism as the destroyer of civilization."

"What about Germany?"

"She is basically antagonistic to

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★ ★ ★

Actually and honestly by public demand, therefore, her next starring role is in *MADNESS OF THE HEART*, by that extraordinary author of nine best-sellers including *WHITE UNICORN*, Flora Sandstrom.

★ ★ ★

The settings, the gowns and fashions, the romance and the drama, are alternately French and English; the last two also with a flavor of Quebec since Paul Dupuis plays opposite Miss Lockwood.

★ ★ ★

The argument as to what constitutes a perfect crime is now settled, the proof of this being a film called *OBSESSION*, which also owes much to two of the finest craftsmen in modern motion pictures, Robert Newton as an actor and Edward Dmytryk, native son of Grand Forks, B.C., as director.

★ ★ ★

A perfect crime is one without a flaw which nevertheless and regardless does not work. All those who cannot forget *GREEN FOR DANGER* should by no means miss this one.

★ ★ ★

That high comedy, *ADAM AND EVELYN*, starring Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, has been running away with European honors as the new season's best entertainment.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playbills at your local Theatre.

An **EAGLE-LION** Release

Western Journey

Continued from page 23

yards to encompass and welcome the dusty, steaming train.

There are many accents shouting greetings, crying farewell, in the station rotunda. A big blond Pole and his wife meet a son back from an eastern college. Two French women are on hand to welcome a black-cassocked priest. The drawl of western voices mingles with the more clipped Ontario accent, the halting speech of the new Canadian.

I come out at the station to a small dusty square with a little, ancient, bell-funnel locomotive set to graze on a grassy plot as a reward for being the first engine to reach rails for prairie service. It's the Countess of Dufferin, named for the lady who welcomed it off the Red River barge that brought it from the States, while rest of Winnipeg shouted, whistled, shot guns off, rang bells and drummed drums.

An energetic companion persuades me to take a cab during the half-hour stopover to see Portage and Main, "the windiest corner in Canada." I did and it is.

"La Verendrye came here, to the conflux of the Assiniboine and the Red River," I say smartly, "and Louis Riel had a rebellion, and . . ."

"I've read a book too," Zena Cherry says, "even if I do live in Toronto."

Trains crews change, conductors change, dining car staff changes, trainmen change, getting their proper sleep at their jumping off places—the porter remains. And is cheerful despite it.

We are on our way again. Green land stretches immense and flat to the big sky. There is nothing to stop the eye. You feel you've never really seen the sky before. The light is so washed, so sharp.

Farms—house, barns, home bluff to the prevailing wind—punctuate the plain, mirage sharp on the horizon. A visit here's no small thing. No shouting over back fences in Manitoba. A child on horseback may be riding to borrow a cup of sugar. Calling on neighbors must be an event calculated in miles.

Sentinels of the plains, the grain elevators, speak of size and prosperity. Four in a line, stolid against the wind that blows unhindered a thousand miles, stand at a wayside station. The wheels sing, " . . . bare the land, flat and vast, big the sky, winds blow high, bare the land . . ."

A Man With a Bottle

Cupolas of Greek Orthodox churches glinting back the sun upon the prairie. Begonias in a tin can glimpsed at a window of a shack at a water stop. Black earth, good earth. A memory of a westerner gazing out of a car window at the pastoral farms, the rolling, wooded land of Ontario and saying it suffocated him. He needed the arch of sky, the space. This is it. His land. To each his own. The bigness of the land has become a spiritual quality in our way of life as much as it is a geographic fact.

And at the stations, small, shadowed by the water tower and the grain elevators, I seem to see the shadow of the little man in a black worn suit of queer cut, standing by his worn, rope-tied wicker valise, just off the colonists' car. The sterage. But the shadow is dimming. The reality is the big young man in denim overalls, the second generation, walking with a looser, easier step.

We follow the route La Verendrye took by canoe and portage to Portage

la Prairie, he up the Assiniboine, we by rail.

On the train chants. Mile on mile. Tirelessly. " . . . Big the land, big the sky, miles and miles, far from home . . ."

A hot, tired child cries in the next carriage. Two young sailors play cribbage across this sea of prairie. Three sisters, immaculate and cool in their heavy black robes, make pretty cards out of cutouts. In the observation car a man with a bottle picks up a girl with a thirst.

Brandon, Kemnay, Alexander, Virden. Then Kirkella, Man., and Fleming, Sask. And then it's Broadview, and 6 o'clock in the evening until we get there. It is 5 when we leave. For again the sun bows to Canada. It needs six official times to span the width of Canada.

Young Dewart Farquharson, of Toronto, walks down to the station office with me to find out from a red-headed young man in a fancy shirt how about this time business. Does it complicate, say, dates?

"We don't pay no attention to it," the young blade says with a grin. "Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time, what do I care? That's for trains. We go our own time. It throws us none."

The plain and low brush changes into ravines for a moment near Qu'Appelle. I love the early French explorers' name for this valley in the flatlands. After the silence of the prairie, the echo here would stroke their ears and they'd call back, "Qu'Appelle—who calls?"

Banff—Jalopies and Packards

Regina is only a street seen from the front of the station. A wide western street, planned for growth. Harsh names jab at your imagination. Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Medicine Hat. It's night again.

" . . . Big the land, big the sky, far from home, big the land . . ."

And then, in a bright shining morning, Calgary. The air seems to taste different. Like a cold drink. The light was never this sharp before. The morning is intoxicating. In the sky there are pink cutouts of clouds. No, they are mountains! Calgary, of the Stampede and a photograph of a rider spread-eagled into dusty whirling air from a bucking bronco, becomes real.

Here an observation car is tagged on to the train. It's open, a little ramshackled veteran of many journeys through the mountains. You ride in it through the brown, rolling foothills, eyes fixed on the growing cardboard peaks on the horizon. They look close but it takes an hour to get to them.

And then you haven't enough eyes. Eyes for the heights, the precipices, the peaks. Eyes for the valleys, the churning white torrents, the canyons. Even through the familiar sooty smell of the train you catch the pungency of the sun-hot fir. And the sharpness of the air, as you ride higher and higher.

To the north the Fairholme range rears a steep shoulder. The Bow River cascades almost under the wheels of the train. Tunnels under the tons of mountain are periods of blackness. The train winds and curves like a convulsed snake.

Ray, the porter, tries to make you look at Mount Eisenhower, complaining, "Used to be called Castle Mountain. Looks like a castle, don't it? Why didn't they name a nameless mountain? Lots of those about."

And it's noon. And Banff. Tourist attraction and holiday land.

The main street of Banff, blocked off by mountains at both ends, with a fascinating effect of somehow elevating

not pygmying, the street itself has a cosmopolitan look. I read the license plates on jalopies, station wagons and Packards in a single block; they were from every province but New Brunswick and included 17 States. Just 34.7 miles distant scintillates Randolph Scott's Lake Louise.

Under the looming shadow of Mount Rundle is Banff Springs Hotel. Super de luxe, just like Macdonald in Edmonton, the Chateau in Ottawa and Quebec, as incongruously elaborate as the Richelieu at Murray Bay. It seems silly to me, to transport these castles-on-the-Rhine, the stand-bys of older lands and threadbare civilizations, into the Canadian scene.

The luxury hotels may dominate the scene, but in little pockets even here in the mountains people live their daily lives, battling avalanches, guarding the forest from fires, building snow sheds and repairing tracks, keeping a firm guardian eye on the game.

Song of the Cascades

On the train again I remember back to Mackenzie, Thompson, Fraser, who came to find this place, trekking the wilderness, running the rapids, onward. For them the Lyall larch turns apple-green and verdant on the higher slopes, the winds blow off the top of the world where the barrens begin, the cascades sing their lilting song down the precipices.

The train plunges into a snow shed and sunlight stripes swiftly the carriage. Then again the mountain tower, the valleys and clear lakes sweep by.

When we get to the spiral tunnels, where the train crosses the river twice making a perfect eight under the mountain passes, it's dinner time. Even the waiters who've passed here again and again crowd the windows.

The train twists and curves, the rapids foam, the tunnels slap your eyes blind. We've crossed the Great Divide now—this, the Kicking Horse River, is the first we have seen flowing from east to west.

Yoho Valley, Kicking Horse Pass, Mount Wapta, and Field. Here again we snitch an hour from the sun. The third hour saved from passing time. The rest of the day is staring wonder.

Sicamous at nightfall, a wilderness lake with hills, not mountains, dusking on the other shore is almost a relief. The hotel-plus-restaurant hangs over the lake's edge. A night bird calls, a long, longing, promising note. I walk up and down the train platform, between sand and desert, and talk to the pleasant, broad-shouldered men from the Maritimes who know about the blight-free potatoes. The lake is deepening blue. The moon rises.

In the morning I could hardly wait to prop open my eyes to see whether the mountains were still there. Whether the new-found wonder of the night before actually existed, or was merely dream-found magic.

The dawn awakening is worth it. The sun's coming into the Fraser Valley.

You wonder why the train doesn't roll off the sharp edge of the river canyon precipice into the cascading foam. The river and its mist-clouded islands, the candle-straight black pine, holds mysterious, unknown, fierce promise.

It is the fourth morning out of Toronto now and the last stage but one to the end of the journey. Three days, four nights, and I started, not from the far reaches of the Dominion, but 1,000 miles inland. " . . . Big the land, high the sky, on we go, far from home, big the land . . ."

Vancouver. City by the sea. I came
Continued on page 44

Germany Dreams of the Next Time

Continued from page 15

arranged for him to have his meals in the kitchen of the U. S. Press Centre where the food was plentiful.

When we met him now I hardly recognised him. He had gained 20 pounds and looked elegant in a new double-breasted blue suit. I invited him to the British mess in the Park Hotel.

"Oh no, sir," he protested, "the menu isn't very good there. All the time corned beef and canned vegetables. Let me take you and your wife to a German restaurant where we can have something decent to eat."

We went to a beer garden where we had an excellent noodle soup, *sauerbraten* with cream, asparagus cheese, strawberries and coffee for about \$2 a person, and that was only a small sample of the new prosperity in town.

In the Koenigsallee, a large and majestic thoroughfare, we found the store windows crammed with leather wares, toilet articles, cameras, household goods and electrical appliances. The ground floors of all buildings were repainted in a modernistic style. No one seemed to notice that all the rest was in ruins; the Germans, we were told, consider it good manners to ignore these signs of defeat.

Boeckmann, a streamlined café with an orchestra and smartly uniformed waitresses, was packed every afternoon. People went there to eat the most astonishing pies and cakes I ever saw. They were pieces of art made from famous recipes of the imperial era—and their very names—Prince Pueckler

cake, Sacher tart, Baum-Kuchen—reminded the consumer of a glorious and carefree past. Many housewives skip lunch or dinner twice a week to be able to taste some of that anachronistic pastry—a strange case of national self-assertion through the stomach.

At night Düsseldorf's theatres and movie houses were illuminated by huge electric billboards. General Bishop, military governor of Rhineland-Westphalia, repeatedly complained about the "extravagant waste of power for neon signs." Nor could he understand why the city's inhabitants "used gasoline paid for by England to go on pleasure rides which wouldn't be allowed in England itself." But the Germans didn't listen. This was their first boom since the defeat and no one was going to spoil it for them. It didn't even occur to them that they were spending other peoples' money. As far as they were concerned they owed their blitz recovery above all to their own efforts.

"Herr Marshall has every reason to be content with us," a top-ranking German Ruhr official assured us. "We now produce 90% of our 1936 output. Last year we exported goods for 43 million marks; this year we will reach 250 millions. And that's just a beginning. In 1952 we plan to export goods for 2.6 billion marks. Believe me, we Germans still are the most industrious workers in Europe."

Obedient Workers Are "Quislings"

"What we need is full freedom of operation," he went on. "That would open the door to American investors, too. The Ruhr factories need at least 6 billion marks to repair and modernize their installations."

"Do you mean you would welcome American businessmen in control?" I asked.

"Of course not," he replied quickly. "The German owners would have to keep a controlling interest in the plants, let us say 60%. But the remaining 40% could very well belong to foreigners."

At this point he offered me a long cigar and began to plug for the old cartel system. In his opinion the Allied decartelization program was all a big mistake.

"Why, for instance, couldn't the Western Powers have a share of 40% in German steel, while Germany would own 40% of French and Belgian heavy industry?" he asked.

So the Ruhr magnates are already looking for new bases abroad from where to recapture a dominant position in European industry. They don't seem to feel at all that such projects are premature. On the contrary, anything reminding them of their official enemy status irritates them no end. That's why they are making such an issue of the dismantlings in the British zone.

These dismantlings affect only 222 factories out of over 5,000—not even five per cent of Western Germany's industrial capacity. But the Ruhr barons have been able to arouse the entire population against these measures.

Their campaign recently led to the incidents at Bergkamen where Belgian tanks had to smash through German barricades to occupy a synthetic oil plant scheduled for removal. This showed the Germans how futile open acts of defiance were, and there have been no repetitions, but popular resentment has grown deeper.

I went to the Bochumer Verein, a prominent mine from which a number of hydraulic hammers were being removed. The German laborers doing the removing were ostracized by their fellow workers. Two young welders

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Continued from page 42

off the train shed as along a covered bridge, reminiscent of a gang plank, the comparison emphasized by the sight of sea, the wheeling bright-white gulls outside. My memory tag-lines were about roses in December, skiing in June, the cathedral trees and the honey bear in Stanley Park.

Vancouver to me was, first of all, the mountains at the ends of the street. Even a squalid little alley with its intricate composition of fire escapes, back stairs and garbage cans had at the bottom of it the looming, blue, white-plumed mountain. The contrast had jolting impact.

Even small houses have vast views here in Vancouver, an air of graciousness. More people than seems possible live on the sea, within the sound of the tide and the sight of ships breaking a foaming line to Alaska and San Francisco, to Australia and the Orient.

The attitude of the Vancouverites is evenly divided between leisurely ease and indignation at the East for thinking they are leisurely. One of them said, "You easterners always keep rushing, worrying, hurrying. You say, 'You could do much better for yourself away from here, why do you muddle here?' Well, we like it. We don't muddle. We make an art of living."

You get this attitude yourself for a bit. You sit for hours by a window overlooking the harbor and the hills and find the day an effort when, ultimately, you take a white ship at a dock in Burrard Inlet and embark on the last step of your journey west, to Victoria on Vancouver Island.

The ship shrinks beneath the towering Lion's Gate Bridge, green copper high in the sky, ants of cars speeding along it with purposeless energy. The North Shore mountains, Hollyburn, Dam, Grouse, Dome, are cardboard sharp in the sun. Big homes from British Properties look down at the squatters' driftwood shacks on the inlet shores. The water widens to Strait of Georgia.

The boat is crowded. Two well-turned-out women with an American twang stop you to ask, "Where is the English tea served?"

Finding a Pattern of People

The wind blows, the gulls wheel, and 3,000 miles away, on Canada's Atlantic shore, the wind blows, the gulls wheel. A white ship is probably pulling out of Halifax for St. John's, Newfoundland, the way this one plows the swinging waves from Vancouver to Victoria. You try to cope with the idea of this immense distance but cannot get beyond a mental kaleidoscope of all you know, and love best, of Canada.

Fishing boats edging out of Pouch Cove in the predawn dusk. The Maugher light on an Atlantic rock at sunrise. P. E. I. lagoon at Brackley Beach and the sailboat stuck on a sandbank. Freighters heavy laden taking the tide down the St. Lawrence and you in the sun on Pointe Platon stone quay. Montreal pub filled with friends. Lake Ontario from Scarborough bluffs streaked with wind-swept colors, sailboats bending whitely to the wind. And northern Ontario with the hot rock, the tang of pine, the clunk of a canoe paddle. A flight of wild ducks over a Great Lakes marsh. The vast spreading, never-ending everlasting whiteness of a winter prairie; green and gold of the summer flatlands and the free, long unchecked wind above it. The Assiniboine peak in the sunset and the valleys below hazed blue. And now this.

Victoria coming out of the sea like a sedate queen. The cupolaed parliament

Maclean's Magazine, October 1, 1949

buildings above the neat lawns and flower beds, the sprawling Empress Hotel amid rose gardens, the many small craft busy in the tidy quadrangle of the harbor.

You cross across the moss-soft, moist green lawns to the Empress and suddenly the roughness, the frontier primitiveness, the loneliness and space of most of the trip you've just completed becomes quite unbelievable.

Here Canada has lost her brash youth. Surely this verdant sea-bound island of valleys and mountains has a gracious, slow history. See the carriages, the abundances of flower and blossoming shrub, the elegant elderly men and the lovely old women—so many of them—the flowerpots hanging from the lampposts, the well-shaped, lush hedges. Hear the tidy, lazy English voices over their tea.

The sense of understanding I had been seeking suddenly clarified into a sense of people. For a sharp, poignant moment I felt my part in the pattern that includes the red men sheltering in the ocean-battered west coast villages of this island, with the English-woman kneeling in her Victoria garden, with the fruit farmer in the Okanagan Valley, the vacationer in the Rockies, the rancher in the foothills and wheat farmer on the prairies. The miner is there, and the man on Toronto's Bay Street, the *habitant* and the Maritime fisherman.

The names of the provinces make fine music: British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. A pattern of space and faith. Changing time, changing scene, immensity and infinite variety.

But one land. ★

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by E. Alex Brewer, Kitchener, Ont.

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Painted by Clare Shrago



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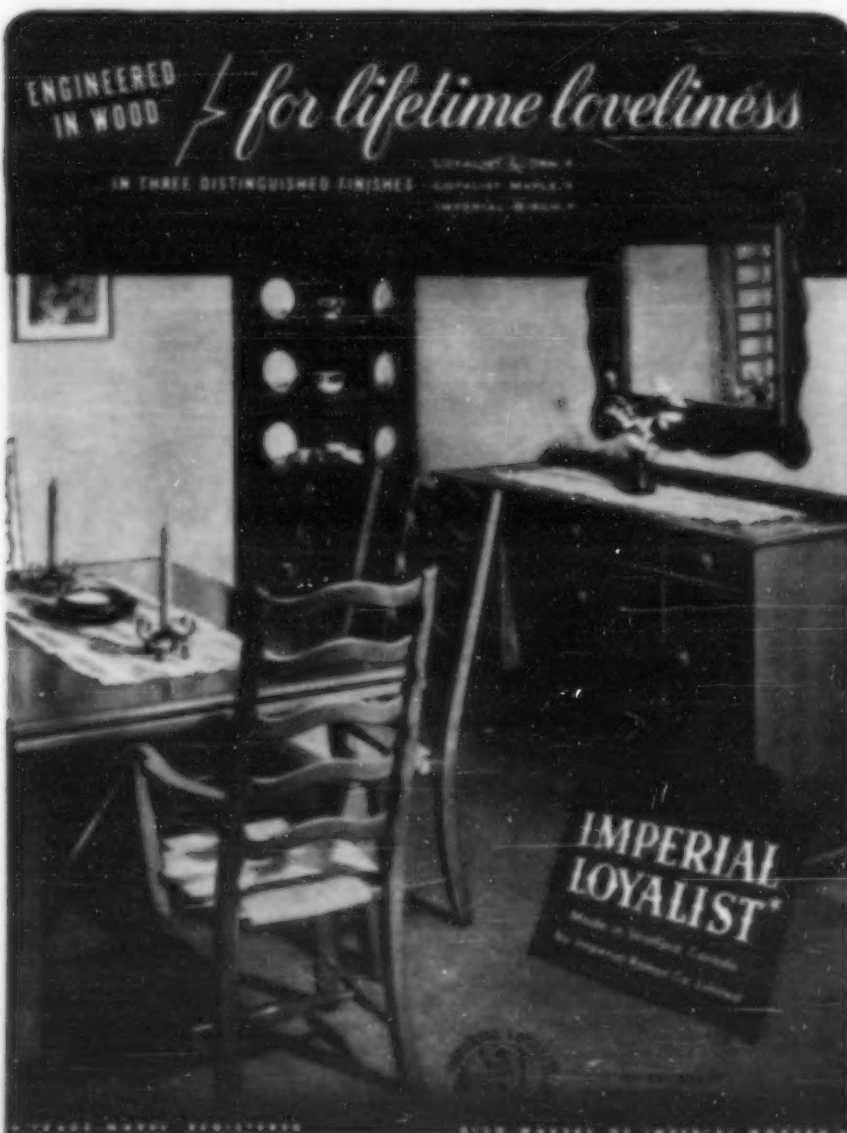
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Fortunate indeed is the happy bride who owns this "Remembrance" pattern, one of 1847 Rogers Brothers' newest designs. The International Silver Company, who created this lovely service, recommend keeping it lustrous for a lifetime with gentle Silvo care. For Silvo Liquid Polish smooths away all dullness, tarnish or stain ... so quickly, so easily.



pointed at them with an air of contempt and told us sternly: "These men are Quislings. No one around here ever talks to them."

It was no use reminding these people that Germany had to repair some of the damage she caused in Europe. They had no feeling of personal responsibility for that damage.

Several industrial leaders declared they would be ready to cede the plants to the Western Allies if such a step could stop the dismantlings. Not only were they offering something to which they had lost title—it never even came to their minds that some of those capital goods might serve to replace machines in Poland, Holland, Yugoslavia or Norway. In their view the British went on with the dismantlings solely because they were afraid of German competition on the world markets.

This idea has become such an obsession with some German businessmen that they have started to flirt with the Russians. They have formed the so-called Nadozny Circle and advocate a "more positive attitude" toward the Soviet Union.

Driving spirit of the circle is 76-year-old career diplomat Rudolf Nadozny, the Nazis' first ambassador to Moscow. He speaks Russian fluently and enjoys the special confidence of M. Sominov, political adviser to Soviet Military Government in Germany. From time to time, Nadozny travels from Berlin to the west to preach his gospel and, so far, he has made new converts on every trip.

One night, friends took us to a

meeting of Nadozny followers in the luxurious home of a coal merchant outside Essen. There were about 70 people there, many of them new recruits.

"We don't need to be pawns in the conflict between Russia and America," the coal baron told his audience. "Remember the old German proverb: 'When two people quarrel, the third one rejoices.'"

"The Anglo-Saxons will always try to keep our export trade down. Therefore we must not join the European Union. If we want to win back our rightful place on the continent we better see to it that Moscow opens up the eastern markets to our products."

"The Germany of tomorrow must stay on friendly terms with Stalin. Russia and the Balkans are our best prospective customers."

When someone pointed to the dangers involved in that attitude the speaker replied: "We defeat Communism just as much as anyone else. But we are not Americans. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain from balancing between two chairs."

It is an open secret in Western Germany that many politicians at the new "capital," Bonn, share that point of view, even though they may profess different opinions in public. Here Germany's postwar leaders are staging the comeback of their country. I went to meet them.

The majority are cantankerous old men, ghosts of the Weimar Republic who owe their second careers to the

Continued on page 48

CANADIAN ECDOTE



The Tycoon in Caulk Boots

THE famed lumber king of the Ottawa Valley, J. R. Booth, was proud of his reputation as a "man's man." The man who built a railway from Ottawa to Perry Sound, who owned pulp and paper mills, promoted colonization and steamboat companies, dressed as a lumberjack and took nonsense from no one. Born in 1826, he lived 99 years.

One of the best stories of this Bunyanesque character covers the time he advertised for a male secretary. He sifted the letters of application, made a choice. When the new man was due to arrive at the station, Booth went down in person to meet him.

The secretary stepped off the train, found the platform de-

serted except for a husky lumberjack in caulk boots. He asked to be directed to the office of J. R. Booth.

"I'll take you there," Booth said without introducing himself.

"I wonder where I can find someone to carry my bag?" asked the secretary.

"I'll carry it for you," Booth said.

The guide led the secretary to Booth's private office, showed him in, then himself strode around behind the desk and sat down.

"You're fired!" Booth declared. "I don't want any man working for me who can't carry his own valise."—Mrs. Walter Brock.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Customers Can Be Crooked Too

Continued from page 19

holiered, "Give me \$200 for the Ford?"

Art has a sense of humor. Without moving off his chair he said, "What's the other side look like?"

"The same as this side," the customer grinned.

Art reached for his cheque book and started to write a cheque but the guy said he wanted cash. Art gave him a long stare, but he finally counted out 20 \$10 bills. The customer signed over the license and left.

Art called his lot man and told him to put the Ford way back by the fence. In a couple of minutes the lot man came in. "I've seen a lot of funny things in this business, Brannon," he said "but that Ford has no motor."

"What the devil are you talking about?" Art said. "I just saw the man drive up in it."

"Maybe he drove up here," the lot man said, "but that car has no motor now."

Art looked. The car had no motor. The guy had had someone give him a push, down a grade, got rolling, and rolled right up on to the lot. He must have rehearsed a couple of times the night before.

Art got the customer on the phone later and mentioned that the car had no motor.

"I know," the guy said.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Art asked politely.

"You didn't ask me." The guy hung up.

I Buy a Dead Duck

Two weeks ago I had something almost as bad pulled on me.

A youngish gent with honest-looking glasses brought in a model that's notorious for burning oil.

"You don't need to tell me about this make," he said, "I know they're oil burners. Always were. But, to help me, this one has never burnt oil since I got her. Just goose that motor and see if there's any smoke coming out the back."

I did. He was right. There wasn't a sign of smoke. I drove the car around the block. It was in pretty good shape and that exhaust stayed as clear as mountain air. I bought the car.

I found out the next day why it didn't burn any oil. There wasn't any oil in it. That character had drained it before he brought it in. Any car will go five minutes or so without oil. After that it begins throwing things out the side. I had to write that one off as a dead loss.

The funny part of it is that the public in general think there's nothing wrong with pulling a fast one with a car if you're selling it to a dealer. Dealers are fair game. It's always open season. The way most customers operate it's a wonder they don't try to collect a bounty.

Don't get me wrong. I know some dealers who have made a full-time job of hooking the public. I remember one day seeing a dealer sell a woman an old heater as a reconditioned car. I wouldn't have sold it to the head of the Wartime Prices and Trades Board.

The woman drove across the road and then the car threw a connecting rod. When she came back, still shaking from the explosion, the dealer moved his cigar to the other side of his mouth, said, "Lady, you've just bought yourself an automobile."

There are bums in any business. But the average used-car dealer is in business for himself—a tough business because the customer makes it tough.

You've got to be able to handle yourself in the clinches when the other side is playing it with brass knuckles, spikes, lead pipes and everything but sawed-off shotguns. The point is, why is the dealer always the one who's pulling a fast one?

The dealer doesn't make cars. He buys them from the public, and according to the selling public there are no bearing knocks, just noisy tappets; no cars that are hard to start; no body that can't be fixed with just a little paint; no clutch that hasn't just been overhauled; no car that would be sold if it weren't for somebody dying, having a baby or leaving town.

The dealer buys them at the curb and tries to find, in five minutes, all the faults the customer has worked a week to cover up. He has to make up his mind in five minutes or the customer takes the car to another lot. If he gets stuck with a clinker, the customer tells his friends about it as a good joke; if he sells it for what the customer said it was, he's just another crooked dealer.

Cars are Like Some Wives

But let the same customer come in and buy a 12-year-old jalopy for the price of a good-sized doll carriage and find it has a growl in the rear end and he's back with a red face and blood in his eye. He's going to have the law. He's going to phone the Better Business Bureau. He's going to blow the lid off.

Even the few customers who are honest when it comes to repairs on their cars get a bit careless about time. To the average man a car is something like a wife. She gets older, but the change is so gradual he doesn't notice it. A complete engine overhaul to them is a complete overhaul, whether it was yesterday or five years ago. The repair bill stays a garden-fresh memory.

Two days ago a sad-looking character pulled up to the curb outside my lot with a '41 Ford sedan. He gave me a sob story. His wife was going to have a baby. He had to sell the car. It was such a sweet little job he hated to part with it.

I asked him what it was like. What was it like! The guy gave me a dirty look. He had bills at home for a new complete motor overhaul. He could show them to me.

I got in and drove it around the block. Whenever I put the gear shift into low it popped into second.

"You have to hold it," the guy said.

I figured maybe I'd better check closer on the overhaul job. He'd had it overhauled all right. And he had the bills for it. The only catch was they were dated five years ago.

Other sellers don't lose track of time. They just lose track of the truth. From the time I went into business 20 years ago the tricks of John Public have been daily routine. Let's take yesterday as an example.

Around about 10 in the morning an insurance salesman came in with a 1947 Chev four-door sedan. He was the laughing kind. The kind that always laugh when you quote them a price. They're the worst. The Chev was in good shape, he said. The only reason he was selling it was that he had a new car coming through in a week.

I looked at the speedometer. It showed 20,000. I asked him if that was the right mileage.

He laughed. "You dealers," he said. "You've tried to stick the public so long you can't believe anybody can tell the truth. That's the right mileage all right, Jack."

I took a tour around the block. When I got back I quoted him a price, the price for a '47 Chev four-door sedan which has gone 60,000 miles. He stopped laughing. I didn't know it had



BRENDA YORK'S "Here's How" COOKERY COLUMN

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: October comes along, I firmly believe, at just the right time to give us all a new lease on life. After a session with the heat waves (remember?) we come to life and clean house, put the garden to bed, paint and polish with a vim and vigor that comes, I'm sure, from the tonic of crisp Fall air. And appetites—they're really something! It's a lucky family who has a good cook "master-minding" in the kitchen—she'll be kept busy, you can bet!

At the first snap in the air, most of us get out the rolling-pin, pastry cloth, cake tins and cookie sheets and whip up a few tasty items for tea or dinner. With this in mind, here are a few hints that it will pay to remember:

Pastry: Using two table knives, cut shortening into the flour until the pieces are the size of peas, with a few larger pieces. The small pieces of shortening pick up a large quantity of flour and this has a decided tenderizing action. The larger pieces of shortening melt, form steam and thus puff the pastry into flaky layers. Shortening and water should both be ice-cold. "Work" the pastry lightly, quickly, and as little as possible. Pastry stored in the refrigerator for at least 24 hours is easier to roll out, flakier and lighter.

Cakes: Don't skimp on creaming the shortening. This action incorporates air and results in finer-textured, lighter cakes.

General: Shortening is ideal for deep fat frying—and can be used over and over again if the melted fat is carefully strained after each use. Once a fat "smokes" though, it should be discarded.

Shortening that is unsalted should always be used when greasing pans for baking to prevent the mixture from sticking. Apply on waxed paper—or melt and apply with a pastry brush.

As you know, my job at Canada Packers takes me into every department at the plant—and one spot that never ceases to fascinate is the research laboratory. Here, "Domestic" Shortening, like all our products, undergoes constant rigid tests. It's tested for creaming power which is so important to cake texture. It's tested for the high temperature it can reach without smoking. It's tested for bland flavour, for keeping qualities. And you can be sure, after all these thorough tests, that you can rely on "Domestic" Shortening for uniform high quality.

\$100.00 PRIZE FOR BEST RECIPE USING

"DOMESTIC" SHORTENING

Send your recipe, name and address before midnight, October 31st, 1949, to:

BRENDA YORK

"Good-Things-to-Eat"
Reporter,

c/o Canada Packers
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2206 St. Clair Avenue W.,
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Winner will be announced
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CONGRATULATIONS AND \$100.00 TO:

**MRS. ALLEN PRETTS, 358-9th Street South East,
Medicine Hat, Alberta**

for an ingenious and delightful dish that has all the ingredients of good eating!

"MAPLE LEAF" CRUMB-RAREBIT WIENERS

1 pound "Maple Leaf" Wieners (cello-wrapped)	1 teaspoon melted Margarine
1 cup soft bread crumbs	1/2 teaspoon sage
1 cup grated "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese	1 egg, well beaten
Salt and pepper to taste	1 tablespoon finely minced onion

Slit wieners lengthwise, being careful not to cut through to the other side. Combine remaining ingredients. Place stuffed wieners on a lightly greased baking sheet and bake at 475°F. for 15 minutes.

Serve with hot tomato sauce. Four to six servings. If desired, stuffed wieners may be wrapped with a strip of "Maple Leaf" Breakfast Bacon before baking.

Many thanks for all your letters—it's nice to know that so many of you approve of our new "Here's How" Column and the monthly cooking lesson. Keep on writing, won't you?

Your "Good-Things-to-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York



PROUDEST WORDS

"I Made it Myself!"

A girl has a right to be the centre of attention when she bakes this feather-light "Golden Glory" . . . the cake to stop all competition! Your friends will marvel . . . yet . . . (sh! secretly you will know) . . .

IT'S SO EASY WITH DOMESTIC THE ALL PURPOSE SHORTENING

GOLDEN GLORY

- 1/2 cup "Domestic" Shortening
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 2 "Maple Leaf" eggs
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup shredded coconut

Cream shortening until very light. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Separate eggs and beat yolks well. Add to the cream and beat until light and smooth. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Add these dry ingredients, alternately with orange juice and water. Fold in shredded coconut. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Bake in two circular 8-inch layer cake pans (greased and lined with wax paper) at 350 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Spread Orange Filling between layers, and Boiled Frosting over top and sides. Decorate with slices of green cherries.

BOILED FROSTING

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, finely packed
- 1 egg white
- 2 tablespoons cold water

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with a rotary egg beater, for about 7 minutes, or until the frosting stands in stiff peaks.

Yes it's no trick at all to bake with "Domestic"—the perfect shortening for fine-textured, light cakes. "Domestic" creams easily and lightly—and you can be sure of fresh, delicate flavour! Try this grand cake. It's a prize-winning recipe, made even better with wonderful "Domestic" Shortening.

James York

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter

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Always...
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Continued from page 46

Allies. About 40% of them follow Dr. Konrad Adenauer, a solemn-faced Catholic and former Lord Mayor of Cologne. Today he represents all that is left of the staid and stiff-necked bourgeoisie in the Rhineland and the South.

His opposite number, Socialist Dr. Kurt Schumacher, is as pitiful a sight as a bombed-out German town. A veteran of Nazi concentration camps he has only one arm and one leg and suffers from stomach ulcers. But his nervous energy overcomes all physical handicaps, and the flame of his spirit burns high.

Schumacher feels that Western Germany's recovery is mainly due to the workers and that they should reap the rewards of their labor: higher wages, a share in management, the nationalization of heavy industry.

The two camps are split on economic matters, but they fully agree on the basic political issues affecting the future of the country.

"Germany must be reunited sooner or later," one of Adenauer's aides told me. "We will have to keep on friendly terms with both East and West. At the same time we shall never rest until the German provinces annexed by Poland are recovered. We also wish the Western Allies would stop carrying away our factories and spying on our industries. You won't find anyone in Bonn who thinks differently."

This was confirmed by Dr. Heinrich Zinn, Minister of Justice for Hesse, one of the hopes of the Social Democrat Party. Zinn, in whom many Germans see a future chancellor, complained violently about the Allied interference with the new constitution.

Idealist at the Gas Tap

"First they invite us to draft a bill of rights," he said, "and, like good little schoolboys, we work out a model of the kind. Then they ask us to make some corrections and we comply again. Thereupon our Assembly passes the bill by a majority vote, but what happens? The Allies issue new orders forcing us to violate the rules of the constitution just adopted. How do you like that? How are we ever going to establish a democracy under a foreign dictatorship?"

He paused. Then added, "Sometimes one really wonders whether the Germans wouldn't handle these things better."

If that was the way a responsible minister argued, it was not surprising to hear other German personalities utter even more disturbing thoughts.

Pastor Niemoeller, the famous Berlin evangelist who went to Nazi concentration camp rather than bow the knee to Hitler, recently testified before a German court that Kurt Gerstein, the SS colonel in charge of gas extermination at Auschwitz, had been "an idealist through and through."

A few days later Dr. Otto Dibelius, president of the German Protestant Church, wrote to the wife of former Nazi Finance Minister Schwerin-Krosigk who is serving a 10-year sentence: "We positively refuse as Christians to recognize the verdicts of Nuremberg as justice. They are an act of revenge on a defeated people . . . A new era of barbarism has been opened."

These statements serve as spiritual guidance to many judges in Germany. Rather than punishing former Nazi big-wigs, they treat them as men of distinction.

The other day a Stuttgart court tried Hubert Hildebrand, the deputy of slave-labor boss Fritz Sauckel who was hung at Nuremberg. The prosecu-

tion contended that Hildebrand had just as many victims on his conscience as his chief, but the court felt he was a mere Nazi follower and released him on the spot.

A Hamburg tribunal dismissed the case against movie producer Veit Harlan who had directed the anti-Semitic film "Jew Sues," a pernicious Nazi propaganda picture. "The defendant was found innocent on the charge of committing crimes against humanity," the decision read. "The costs of the trial will be carried as a government expense."

This was surpassed by the sentence given on July 5 in the Tuebingen "euthanasia trial." Dr. Otto Maue and his aides, who had killed more than 10,000 hospital patients during the war because they were "unworthy of living" and "unwanted, useless eaters," received prison terms of 18 months to five years.

Nazi Germs From the East

One result of this systematic leniency is that important Nazis who dropped out of sight in 1945 are trying to get back into circulation. Some of them dare enter the political scene quite openly, such as Hans Fritzsche, Walter Semmler and Joachim von Ostau, the three musketeers who helped Josef Goebbels wage his radio war against the Allies.

This unholy trio has founded the Association of Independent Germans which attacks all other parties and wants to put Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Hitler's financial wizard, back into power.

Other old-timers are less candid in their approach. "Ex-Nazis and Nazi sympathizers are beginning to infiltrate in key government positions," Charles M. LaFollette, U. S. governor of Wuertemberg-Baden, recently declared in an official speech, "and they try to make martyrs out of those who brought Germany to the moral and physical bankruptcy of 1945."

An American legal adviser added: "They are coming back all over the place, not only in public office but also as directors of major commercial enterprises. The German authorities no longer enforce the laws barring certain categories of political offenders from other than manual work."

He explained that refugees from the east had virtually nullified the whole Allied attempt at de-Nazification.

"How can we know whether a man from Silesia was a Nazi or not?" he said. "The records on his past are not available and often we aren't even sure of his true identity. He may have whipped and tortured people under the Hitler regime and yet he is free to accept any job he desires in our territory."

These refugees undoubtedly are the principal carriers of the new nationalist germs in Western Germany. There are 8 millions of them and 30,000 more slip through the Iron Curtain every month. The majority are destitute and desperate people, but the local residents do little to comfort them.

In fact, outside little towns, I have often seen huge posters, like American welcome signs, which read: "THIS COMMUNITY IS CLOSED TO ALL REFUGEES. ENTRANCE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN."

There exists only one bond of solidarity between those two groups of Germans: the easterners want to go back to their homes and the westerners would like to see them go. Both know that the chances of Russia and the West agreeing on a border revision are remote, and their frustration may well develop into an open spirit of revenge. ★

How Did Raffles Get That Way?

Continued from page 13

attachment was a girl named Eleanor Harris whom he met in a Toronto war plant. Several times she attempted to leave him but always returned. She lived with him in Montreal and later in New York under assumed names. Then in August, 1947 Dennis skipped out of his apartment one step ahead of the police. He never returned to see either Eleanor or their child. Eleanor, now remarried, still says, "Life with him was exciting, interesting and tense."

When arrested last February Dennis was living with Betty Ritchie, an ex-Toronto schoolteacher, in a luxurious Beverly Hills apartment. She knew him as Jerry McKay, businessman and inventor. "He was the most wonderful of husbands," said Betty. "He was thoughtful, considerate, always asking if there was anything he could do for me. Even the little things like helping me with the dishes, going shopping with me so I wouldn't have to carry heavy bundles."

Ironically, it was a beautiful woman who hastened Dennis' downfall. In New York he induced Gloria Howard, a pretty model, to sell jewelry for him. She didn't know it was stolen. When police caught her in Philadelphia trying to dispose of blue-white diamonds set in platinum Dennis vanished. Angry and bitter, she was to spend the next year and a half helping police track down the man who had deceived her.

Even with a parole Gerard Dennis will be 43 when he gets out of Sing Sing. To many who knew him well his life has been tragically wasted. He was handsome, pleasing and clever.

"He was so intelligent," said Gloria Howard. "I'm convinced he could have made as much money legitimately." Others have often said this about him.

Why did he turn out this way? Was he alone responsible? Would it have been possible at any stage in his criminal career to have reformed him?

Many efforts were made to discourage his delinquent behavior. When he was a schoolboy his mother and teachers tried to keep him out of trouble. Between the ages of 10-14 before he was ever charged with a crime, social workers and police spent hours appealing to him. At various times, his father, stepmother, brother, sister, wife and girl friends encouraged him to lead a respectable life. They failed.

"He was bad through and through," says police Inspector James Anderson of St. Catharines. "He had every chance in life but threw them all away."

... These Tragic Circumstances

One could perhaps explain Dennis by comparing his actions to those of a psychopathic personality. This type is a riddle even to psychiatrists. Outwardly the psychopath is sane and intelligent. Yet he is driven by mysterious impulses to deceive, lie, and steal. He is without conscience. Right or wrong don't concern him. He doesn't respond to treatment, nor does he learn by experience. He can't settle down to a conventional job, has no qualms about not supporting his own family, and blames other people for his troubles. At the right moment he may pretend to be sorry for all he's done but he doesn't mean a word of it.

Dennis' version of why he is a criminal may be summarized as follows: He was a normal child until he was eight. Then his father was sent to prison. His friends taunted him,

shunned him. At 14, his parents were divorced. For 13 years he had neither home nor parents. His lawyer pleaded, "Under these pathetic and tragic circumstances, is it any wonder he became a delinquent?"

There is truth in this. But on the other hand, Dennis tells only part of the story of his background. It doesn't wholly jibe with the facts as I found them on my visit to St. Catharines.

Gerard Graham Dennis was born on April 15, 1920, in Homer, a tiny town near St. Catharines. A few years after his birth his family moved to town where his father was an accountant and auditor. Gerard was the youngest of three children.

His father, Joseph Dennis, was a thin-faced, moustached, partially deaf Englishman. In 1913 Julia Cronin came over from England to marry him. People recall her as a talkative, nervous woman, given to dressing in a somewhat dramatic and eccentric fashion, but, nonetheless, in excellent taste. She was an accomplished singer who had given up a career with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company to come to Canada. One woman says of her, "She was somewhat arty and aloof. She was the sort of woman one always called Julia rather than Julie."

Dennis was an exceptionally beautiful and charming child. His boyhood home was on Wellington Street in a staid and respectable residential district made up of spacious houses, each with its own well-kept lawn and garden. It is set amid a half dozen churches, the Convent of St. Joseph, the YMCA, and the Public Library.

A Rakeoff in Pineapples

There were persistent rumors that Mr. and Mrs. Dennis were incompatible, but no open sign of rift. The family "belonged" in St. Catharines society and the three children were invited to all the birthday parties and picnics. Mrs. Dennis frequently entertained at tea.

"When Gerry was eight," says Julia Dennis, "I was left to bring up the three children myself. We were always poor. Gerry was shunned and taunted by the other children. He was a very sensitive boy and I believe his father and childhood influenced him greatly."

But there are other stories told of this period. True, the family didn't have nearly the same amount of money to spend, but in many ways life went on very much as before for the children. They were still invited to all the parties and the children of the neighborhood still went over to their home to play.

"The only difference was," recalls one playmate of that time, "that I was warned in advance not to ask where poppa was. There were children in St. Catharines I was not allowed to play with but Gerard Dennis wasn't one of them."

At eight Gerry Dennis teamed up with other youngsters to pilfer fruit and vegetables from local fruit stands. Dennis was the master mind of the gang and collected a rakeoff. Once the gang stole eight pineapples. Dennis' commission was two pineapples. At this time he was an altar boy in the church.

When he was 10 he invited one of his friends up to his bedroom and removed a plank from the floor. There, in a secret hiding place, rested a real revolver and a Tarzan outfit made of genuine leopard skin. He never explained where he got them.

Although not charged in court till he was 14, Dennis was always in trouble after the age of 10. At St. Nicholas school the teachers couldn't manage

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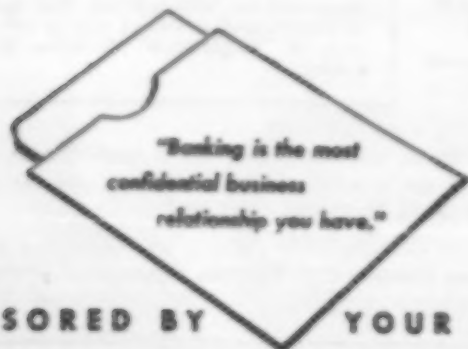
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gone 60,000; it was a guess and I'll bet a pretty good one.

In the first place, if that guy had only driven 20,000 miles he sure had a hobby of changing tires because that car had four different brands on it. In the second place it had new pads on the clutch and brake pedals. Clutch and brake pads don't get so worn that they need replacing in 20,000 miles. There were other things: the arm rests were worn, even the paint outside the left door was worn off by someone who drove with his arm dangling.

Twenty thousand miles! Oh, you honest customers!

The next customer was an old man who looked as if he'd be too timid to drive a car let alone chisel a dealer. He had a quavering voice and a nice friendly smile. He also had a '34 Plymouth coach which had never given him any trouble from the day he'd bought her, he said. Only reason he was selling it, he had to join his daughter in England. Somebody should warn the English.

It was a clean-looking car with good rubber and good upholstery. I quoted him a price. He said that was fine. We started for my lot office, but I thought maybe I'd better lift the hood. It all looked good except for two or three reddish marks running down from the head.

I'd seen those kind of marks before. They were rust marks from the water that had trickled from a cracked cylinder head. I ran my finger over the head. Sure enough, old Father Innocence had covered up his wedding job with grease, then carefully sprinkled fine sand over it.

I was lucky. Usually a cracked block is a tough thing to spot. Usually it begins to show five days later when all the gunk those poor, long-suffering customers pour in to the rad gets lost and the cracks begin to widen.

In the afternoon a foreign family came in with a '47 Buick. A sedan. The whole family was there, Momma, Poppa and all the kids, and they all sat tight while I looked the piece over.

When I asked them if they'd mind getting out they didn't like the idea. I don't blame them. The seats were covered up with nice, clean blankets. I lifted a blanket. You'd think a lioness with cubs had been sharpening her nails in there.

I rolled up the two windows that were cranked down. They were both cracked.

And how the boys like to fiddle around with those oil-pressure gauges. They've found a new way I haven't quite figured out yet that keeps the pressure up on the gauge without shooting any more oil to the bearings.

I don't always find the fix before I buy the car. Looking around my lot now I see a '46 Dodge coupe I was careless enough to buy on a rainy night. You'd be surprised at all the people who have cars to sell on a rainy night. The rain makes the worst old ascan glisten like a jewel.

I got careless this night. You should see the Dodge now, out there under the sun. It will cost me somewhere around \$50 to get it refinished.

It isn't only men that pull the fancy tricks. A while ago a nice woman about 45 or so drove in with a tough-looking '41 Plymouth sedan. Her husband had died and left it to her, she said; she wanted to trade it in on a car for her son. She picked out a '39 Cadillac convertible.

I made a deal: the Cadillac, plus a new top which would cost me \$45, for her Plymouth and \$395. She said she owed \$120 on the Plymouth so she made me out a cheque for \$515. I was to pay off the finance company. It was a good cheque, too.

The only thing she overlooked was that the amount owing the finance company was not \$120. It was \$469. That left me holding the bag for \$349. Two days later, while I was still trying to locate her, I found that the Plymouth had an internally cracked block.

A gal dropped in last month, a babe that I wouldn't have minded seeing more of—until I took a look at the dipstick in the '41 Plymouth she was peddling. All the boys try to muffle knocks with heavy oil, but she must have had a friend with a service station. She had transmission grease in the crankcase.

A Bouquet to Honest Harry

Another thing the dealer has to put up with is repossession. If you buy a car from me and fall down on your payments, guess what happens? I have to pay up the finance company. I get the car. You should see some of the cars I get. I can show you two on my lot right now: one of them ran into a bus; the other turned over three times in a ditch.

The customers have lots of other tricks. For instance, there's the one that happens almost every day of somebody giving you a cheque so he won't lose his chance of getting a car while he goes the rounds of dealers. If he finds something he likes better, he just stops payment on your cheque.

One family did that to me two days ago then sent me a note, "May God forgive us!"

But as I said in the beginning the selling public isn't made up entirely of crooks. There's one out of 50 or so who's honest. He doesn't come in with a mechanic and he doesn't come in with a "see lawyer." (See lawyers are the friends who just come along to see the dealer doesn't get away with anything. Usually they are particularly shortsighted.)

Honest Harry comes in and tells the truth. He tells what's wrong with his car as far as he knows. He tells the real reason why he's selling it. He tells you how much is owing on it.

He doesn't think you're a crook. He thinks you're an ordinary Joe who would rather give him a good deal than a trimming. And he gets a fair deal from me, and from most of the dealers I know.

But there's one customer who nine times out of 10 comes out second best. He's the one who comes in to do the dealer. He has to step fast. He hardly ever steps fast enough. That's what gives dealers a bad name. ★

NEXT ISSUE

They Made Me a Nudist

By JACK SCOTT

Maclean's sent Jack Scott to visit a nudist convention. Before it was over, he found himself in the act, too.

Read it in Oct. 15 Maclean's. On sale Oct. 12.

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2 LOOK FOR THE GUARANTEE

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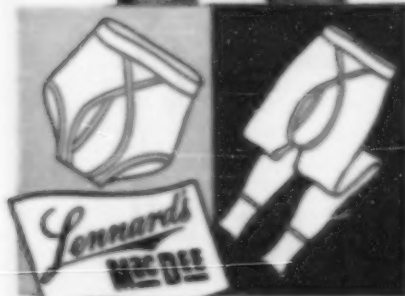
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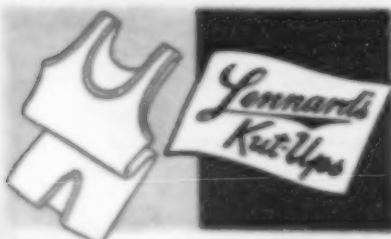
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him. Neither could Mrs. Dennis. She would come down to the police station and urge Inspector Anderson (then a detective) to talk to the lad. "I'm worried," she would say. "I don't know what's going to happen to that boy."

Once Anderson went up to Dennis' room and found all kinds of loot in his secret hiding places. There were guns, revolvers, rings, watches, dentists' and doctors' instruments, cameras and knives. One of those knives still rests in the top drawer of Anderson's desk. It is a seven-inch homemade stiletto with a plastic and metal handle.

Like most kids Dennis liked to take the watches apart. He would also carefully remove precious stones from rings, earrings and pendants and then explain that he had "lost them" or that "they fell out." Significantly, when he was finally apprehended on February 16, 1949, he was trying to sell \$75,000 worth of loose diamonds which had been pried out of their settings.

Rather than haul him to court, the police, social workers and judges all took turns trying to get young Gerry Dennis to mend his ways. They found him well-mannered and polite. "He would listen very attentively," says Anderson, "taking it all in. But it never did any good."

He was not as well behaved to his mother. He would often interrupt her as if trying to head off her conversation. Once, when she threatened to call in the police, he held her off at the point of a dagger.

By this time he had grown into a good-looking schoolboy with a clear complexion and regular features. He liked beautiful things, especially things he could feel. He was fond of music.

Despite his popularity he was a lone wolf, a boy no one really got to know. He was regarded as "a deep thinking boy" and spent much of his time by himself. Boys' clubs or sports held little interest for him.

He was fastidious about his appearance and had a distaste for dirtying his hands. He would spend hours filing his finger nails until the tips were smooth and rounded.

Many of the school kids his age spent some of their time after school hanging out at a local ice-cream parlor. Not Dennis. Instead, police found him wandering through the wealthy residential district, carefully examining large homes. He was already known as a person who was "in and out of everybody's house."

He Loved Beautiful Things

It is significant that visitors to the Dennis home, at this time, recall that he lived in a strongly feminine environment. The home seemed dominated by Mrs. Dennis and her numerous music pupils, mostly women. Boys learn about the outside world from their fathers, how to get along with other men, how to compete with them.

Perhaps the fatherless home helps to explain the Dennis enigma.

"He was feminine in taste," says a lifelong woman friend. "He loved good grooming, good living, and beautiful things. He felt that he was an exciting, exquisite creature and that the world owed him a living. He expected the world's riches would be handed to him on a diamond-studded platter. When life didn't turn out that way, he chose an exciting and easy way to get what he wanted."

"Much of Gerry's success with women was his feminine understanding of them. And he knew enough to consistently choose inexperienced women who would not be put off by his masculine lack of character."

In January, 1934, just before he was 14, Dennis was caught with a supply

of sporting goods stolen from the Wentworth Radio and Auto Supplies on St. Paul Street. As he was so often to do in the future he readily admitted his guilt. Police and social workers discussed the matter with his mother and it was decided to bring him to the juvenile court. "It may bring him to his senses," they agreed.

Judge J. S. Campbell wanted the young man strapped and Mrs. Dennis, whose permission was legally necessary, agreed. But later she changed her mind and Dennis was released with a warning.

Eight months later he was back again charged by his mother with incorrigibility. He received a long lecture from the judge who told him to report back in a week for sentencing. But when that time came, Dennis was hundreds of miles away.

This was only one of many mysterious trips he was to take away from home. He would go without warning, never write home, and return unexpectedly without a clue about where he had been. Later the police threw some light on these excursions. Once, for example, he had been to a Muskoka resort looting parked cars and cottages. One of his hauls was a complete set of dentistry tools. No one ever claimed them from the police.

He Scoffed at the School

By 1934 Joseph Dennis was re-establishing himself in St. Catharines where he lives quietly today. He and his wife had been in constant friction and finally agreed to separate. Julia Dennis packed and prepared to leave for England with her daughter.

Gerard Dennis later claimed he overheard his mother planning to put him in a home. "Rather than submit to this," he said, "I ran away, sleeping in cellars and lots, finally in the attic of a rooming house where my father lived."

According to his father this is a rather fanciful version of what actually happened. "Shortly after his mother left for England in 1934," says Joseph Dennis, "I remarried earlier than I had intended so my two sons would have a home. My present wife and I made a good home for them." They lived in a well-kept seven-room stucco house.

In the fall of 1935 Dennis registered at the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute. He was a poor student. His Christmas examination average was 43. His best mark was 66 in English composition, his worst 14 in sheet metal theory.

He scoffed at school rules and couldn't get along with teachers. During a shop period he lost his head and "told off" the instructor. He was allowed to stay in school after apologizing but was finally expelled for misconduct one month before the end of the school year. That was the end of his formal education.

He had never been one of the school crowd. He belonged to no clubs or athletic teams. He remained a stranger among his fellows with a reputation for being in and out of everybody's locker.

But the girls adored him. One girl friend recalls, "He made you feel that you were the only woman in the world. I could have pictured myself running away with him if he wanted me to."

He frequently skipped school to take his girl for long walks along the Welland Canal. He talked seriously about what he wanted of life. He had a normal desire to travel. Not so natural was his desire for expensive jewelry, crystal ware and tapestries. He wanted these things not only for their beauty but for what they represented.

His girl remembers that he spent

much of his time thinking up ways of fooling people. Once he outlined a scheme for beating a hotel bill by checking in with a piece of phony luggage. He told her how he could shake off pursuing police by making a soap-box speech and escaping in the confusion. Another time, as they walked along a bench, he bet her that he could break into the next three bathhouses. He won his bet.

Dennis often told her how much he cared for his mother in England (she stayed there till 1948) and how much he disliked living with his father and stepmother. He said that they were strict and never gave him anything he needed. Yet, when the girl accepted an invitation to dine at the Dennis home, she found the Dennis family pleasant and the home atmosphere relaxed.

"Always a Soft Spot for Gerry"

If Dennis really cared for his mother he didn't show it. Unlike his elder brother he had to be reminded constantly to write to her and send her cards on her birthdays. Could it be that his aversion to his father and stepmother was due to his complete inability to accept guidance and discipline of any sort? It is only natural that a thwarted adolescent should reason, "Things would be far different if my real mother were here . . ."

After his expulsion from school at 15 Dennis continued to see his girl who lived at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He was independent by nature. When broke he walked the 12 miles rather than borrow bus fare. Once when he had a job picking berries nearby, his girl's family invited him to stay at their house. Dennis refused, preferring to pitch a tent and live by himself. It was even with great reluctance that he accepted an invitation to stay for a meal.

As usually happened, there was a division of feeling about him in his girl friend's family. Her mother adored him. Her father disliked him.

Once he gave his girl a diamond-studded wrist watch saying it was a keepsake from his mother. Not long after the police took it away from her. It had been stolen only a few weeks before. That was the end of their relationship.

Yet even today that girl confesses, "I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for him."

Between the ages of 16 and 21 Gerry Dennis pursued an active criminal career. In 1936, found guilty of several charges of theft in Brockville, Ont., he was sentenced to several months in the reformatory. He told police his name was James Graham Martin, explaining later, "I didn't want to disgrace my folks."

The next year he pleaded guilty to eight charges in Toronto and St. Catharines of being in possession of burglar tools, housebreaking and theft. He was given one year at Guelph Reformatory. In March, 1941 the Ontario Provincial Police slapped eight charges against him for breaking into summer cottages around St. Catharines. He was sentenced to prison for two years less a day.

Between trips and prison sentences Dennis continued to live at home. Here he was pleasant, helpful and honest. His stepmother frequently left her money and jewels around. They were never touched.

He was more careful than ever about his appearance. Brushing his hair, filing his nails, examining his eyebrows were serious, leisurely rituals.

Dennis often looked too smooth. Once at a dance near St. Catharines

Continued on page 54

"On what Mercantile pays an artist, darling, it's a must."

"—but maybe wash night is going to pay off. Anyone who could land the Clark Satterthwaite account could forget about economy à la Cotteskill. If I could control that account, I could really make the boss—." He looked cannily thoughtful, then squeezed her shoulder with a strong, cool hand. "How about helping you with your laundry next Monday night? This Davies might be an in."

Lydia said swiftly, "Not him. I burned him up."

Cary laughed. "You can have him eating out of your hand. Get him in line again, sweet child, and then let me at him."

She caught up her airbrush and squirted a series of angry red dots on a piece of paper. But it was silly to feel cross. Cary was right. The future was what one had to think of. His and hers. Weren't they practically engaged? Not formally, but with the sort of unspoken understanding that sophisticated people can reach without words. So if Tom Davies could be a stepping stone—

"No, on second thought, forget about him. I'll look up a better lead. Anyone who has to do his own laundry is too small calibre to be worth wasting time on."

Lydia squirted a large, stubborn dot. She felt unreasonably irritated. "If there's even a little chance, why not try?"

"A jerk copy writer?"

"What can we lose? You never know!" she said crossly.

Cary shrugged carelessly. "It's your time you'll be wasting."

WHEN does an innovation become an institution? After four weeks Lydia found herself looking forward to Monday wash night. Tom Davies had been good-natured enough when she hailed him, on their second encounter in the basement, with, "Hello, enemy. Still sore?"

"Not if you're not."

"How's the family?"

"Okay."

He was much more intelligent—as she told him frankly—than most young fathers. He didn't bore you with snapshots and anecdotes of cute infantile sayings. He said, "Okay," and then went on to chat about interesting things—the current exhibition of Matsuno's recent paintings, and raspberry-red dogwood along the roads, and what Rumia's up to, and why intelligent persons read fewer novels as they acquire full experience of life at first hand.

His biggest fault, it seemed to her, was the way he wasted himself on little useless people.

Cary began to grow a little acid about the whole thing when she reported on it one Saturday night after he had seen her home. "What goes on?" His usually urbane voice had a little gravel in it. "Falling for the guy?"

"A married man?"

He raised an eyebrow wisely. "It's been done—Have you found out what he can do for us over at Clark Satterthwaite?"

"I haven't broached it. I wanted to get on good terms first."

"I'll say."

"It's a matter of laying the groundwork," she explained quickly.

He smiled tartly. "Sure you're laying it for us?"

Her face flamed as it had at Tom Davies' censure. "No, I'm not sure at all! Is friendship nothing but a skeleton key? Does it have to be used only to pick locks? Can't it do by itself once in a while?"

"Wait a minute! Don't you remem-

ber? You insisted on this. You're the smart girl with a—"

"I know. A theory." Rage died, left her feeling a little ridiculous. "Of course I'll find out what Davies can do for us, Cary."

ON MONDAY NIGHT Tom Davies was pouring soapflakes into his machine and Lydia was getting her wash ready to put into hers, chattering animatedly about a Danish picture they had seen separately. Lydia began trying to frame the questions she would ask, the subtle, oblique, creeping questions to find out how she could use this good-natured young husband and father. A hot spasm of emotion racked her for a second. She recognized it wonderingly. It was hate.

For herself and Cary, on the prowl for personal gain? For the object of their stalking, cheerfully pouring soap flakes? For the Bess and Ellie she had never met—? She stopped at that thought, with a sickish little feeling of shock. The Theory had taken no account of falling in love with a pre-empted, signed up, inaccessible—

She heard herself saying harshly and quickly, "Tom, do you swing any weight at Clark Satterthwaite? Could you throw any business to Mercantile Engraving?"

He looked up at her in surprise. "I write copy, Lydia. I haven't any direct say about the contracts for engraving, but—"

"Then we'd better not see one another any more. There'd scarcely be anything in it for me." It was like squeezing a sprained hand, just to make it hurt.

His face reddened. He said unevenly, "I don't think you're like that."

"Oh, skip it, will you?" She reached blindly for her clothes basket, intent on nothing but getting away from here, never seeing him again.

He said, "Wait!" reaching impulsively to hold her by the arm. "If it's because—." As he stepped toward her, his foot skidded in the sloop and automatically he clutched wildly at her to keep from falling. For a moment they were breast to breast, and she could feel his breath on her cheek, smell the spice-and-leather of shave lotion.

Cary Armour's voice said from the doorway, "Charming domestic scene. I had a hunch something like this was going on."

Lydia twisted out of Tom Davies' arms.

"I don't mind being two-timed—much," Cary said, with a furious mandy crackle running through the words, "but I draw the line at being played for a mope."

Lydia said, "Cary, just as I asked him if he could do anything about fixing us up at Clark—"

"A stall, sweet thing, a stall of the first water. I finally got bright and looked everything up. You knew all along he was a buck private of a copy writer who couldn't do me any good. But I followed my own lead and found a man who could do me some good. I sold Clark, Satterthwaite and Clark on giving Mercantile a trial order. How do you like that?"

"Cary, I'm awfully glad—."

"You didn't give a hoot. You weren't concerned with that. The woman in you was having fun playing this lad and me, both ends against the middle."

"I told you he's married."

"My foot. He lives with his sister Bess and her just-too-cute little baby girl, with another one coming. Her husband's been sent to Winnipeg by Nelson Fuel Oil. Now try to tell me that you didn't know that and weren't lying. Lord knows I hate a liar."

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Continued from page 52
somebody objected to his sooty appearance, especially his king-sized hat. A fight ensued. In the first few seconds Dennis was given a black eye and might have received even worse had the fracas not been broken up by a number of his girl friends who "just couldn't stand seeing poor Gerry being hurt."

Dennis in his late teens was still no "joiner." Unlike his brother, he rarely went to church. He used to say, "It's a lot of baloney." He spent hours in his room at home sitting and thinking.

Dennis had a number of jobs but none of them appealed to him. For a time he ushered at a downtown theatre from 6 to 11 p.m. As a precaution, his father made it a rule that he should be home in bed by midnight. Dennis usually stuck to the rule, but after his parents were asleep he would sneak out of the house. Other times, he would pay someone to take his place at the theatre while he went about his other activities. When these substitutions became too frequent he was fired.

His father asked him to work with him. "I took him in with me at a time when work was short and I was trying to build up my auditing business," Joseph Dennis recalls. "I told him, 'You do the books at home, I'll drum up the business and do the outside work. I'll give you 50% of everything we make.'"

He Loved Them, and Left Them

Young Dennis had an aptitude for figures and the arrangement ran smoothly for a few months. Then he grew restless and dissatisfied. He told his father, "You're a sucker. You'll work till you have bumps on your head and never make real money. I'm going to make my pile an easier way."

He disappeared and the next thing his family heard he was in trouble with the police. Joseph Dennis took his son back into business a number of times, only to have him return to criminal activities.

"I did everything I could for him," the father says, tears welling up.

Dennis treated the women he loved in a puzzling and contradictory fashion. His behavior towards them followed a pattern. He would woo them ardently, be exceedingly devoted and attentive for a time, then suddenly run off leaving them penniless. No woman's love ever inspired him to change his ways.

His relationship with women corresponded in a curious fashion to his relationship with his mother who had left him behind when she went to England in 1934. Perhaps the lack of a close relationship with his mother—the prototype of all women—resulted in his unconscious avoidance of a close, lasting relationship with any woman.

Gerard Dennis married his first wife, Gertrude, while she was still in her teens. She was infatuated with him. To her the marriage was a perpetual honeymoon. But it lasted only 10 months—until Dennis was arrested. She waited a year until his release from prison and again life was "wonderful." Then one day he walked out of her life forever. At the time, she had two children under two years of age.

He drifted to Toronto and worked in a war plant where the women promptly nicknamed him "lover boy." For his special attention he singled out Eleanor, a timekeeper whom reporters have described as "quick, graceful and vivacious, as trim as a movie starlet, as appealing as a lullaby." This alliance ended in New York in 1947 when Dennis went into hiding from police.

Three weeks later he wrote Eleanor's lawyer a remarkable letter in which he absolved her of all guilt and heaped abuse upon himself. "I successfully deceived and lied to my wife and family," he wrote, in part. "I have similarly disgraced a previous wife and two children and am now causing misery and disgrace to another. I realize with disgust the extent of my sins..."

Before long a series of spectacular thefts tipped police that Dennis was in California. Here, with brown-haired Betty Ritchie, he lived a quiet life, usually eating in their apartment and going to movies, concerts, and museums in the evening.

Apart from Dennis' expensive clothes and car there were no extravagances. They both wanted a good phonograph to play records but Dennis said they couldn't afford it. Betty was given \$15 a week for food, nothing for extras.

When she went to live with him she had \$400 in the bank of her own money; when he was arrested nine months later she was penniless.

When the law finally caught up with Dennis in Cleveland on February 16, 1949, he ran true to pattern. He readily confessed to his crimes as well as to a number he had planned for the future. Whisked to the east coast, he was just as obliging.

"As we refresh his memory," said one of his interrogators, "he admits he did each job. All we have to do is supply him with some of the details." He spent a whole day driving around New York with police, showing them where he disposed of his loot.

He appeared chastened. Detective Lieutenant Maurice P. Kelley, of the New Rochelle police, said, "He has shown repentance. He has twice broken down and cried like a baby when he's realized how he's disgraced his family in St. Catharines." At one point, Dennis asked the police, "Can't you fellows all get together so that I

can do my 20 or 30 years and pay my debt to society."

After making a long statement one afternoon, he announced: "My mind is free of a lot of things that were bothering me. I am happy that now I can talk freely to ease my conscience."

When a lawyer told him that he resembled movie star Robert Taylor, he replied sadly, "I might have been better off if I didn't."

Mrs. Dennis (Gerard's mother), who shares a flat with her daughter in St. Catharines, is today a white-haired woman, her lined face bearing marks of sorrow. She still gives music lessons.

Could He Have Been Saved?

"I find it hard to talk about Gerry," she told me when I saw her recently. "I read the papers, afraid of what might come to light about him next. What he did is fantastic, utterly fantastic. I just don't understand it."

Most people don't understand it. To understand fully the forces which shaped Gerard Dennis from birth into a real-life Raffles would take long and exhaustive study by a qualified expert in human behavior. In this case history I have simply pieced together the tragic jigsaw of Dennis' life and the answer to the enigma is in the fabric of this story.

A boy with a record like Gerard Dennis should have been sent to an institution like the Ontario Training School for Boys at Bowmanville and Galt. These schools have none of the marks of a prison. They provide a boy with a mental, moral, physical and vocational education. In this healthy atmosphere most youngsters strive for success and low interest in antisocial ways.

If Dennis was a psychopathic personality he would have required an even more intensive type of training and supervision. Such training is available at a boy's institution maintained by New York State, the Annex of the State Training School for Boys, but there is no institution of exactly this type in Canada.

The population of this school is limited to 50 boys. A full program of work and play is carried on with great emphasis placed on the teaching of social relationships. Teachers never handle more than six or seven boys at once so that they can study them closely. Of 69 entrants treated, 20 boys, half of them diagnosed as psychopathic, have been paroled. Only one has had to be returned to the school.

Would such a school have saved Gerard Graham Dennis? Maybe, maybe not. The young man gripping Sing Sing's bars and peering at the muddy Hudson will never know. But his wasted life, the heartbreak he caused, are a challenge to all of us. ★

Love Gets in Your Hair

Continued from page 11

"That's what the laddybucks around here call you. Didn't you know? Also Miss Dry Ice of 1949. And so on."

She felt her lips twitch, even while the hot blood began to thump in her temples. "If one doesn't choose to swap chatter with every Tom, Dick and—"

"I know. One has a philosophy worked out. I heard about it. Big town stuff. One comes here from Connaught—"

"Cobleskill."

"Or Niskayuna or Breakabeen, and one hasn't any time for the million. One has to conserve one's emotional reserve and not expend it—"

"On irritating blunders!" Her voice crackled defiantly and her face flamed.

"Look, sis," the young man said with maddening calmness, "just ordinary decency and politeness wouldn't have cost you a tenth of the emotional expenditure you're putting out right now. Check?" He got up from beside her. "I'm going to put my clothes into that drier over there. I'm going to figure out how to work it myself, with no help from anyone. Hereafter if I meet you down here you can say hello or not, just as you choose. I don't care, one way or the other. I'm a friendly dope, within limits. But I mean limits."

She read her magazine. Outside she was all icy composure; inside, a riot of mixed emotion.

SHE HAD to tell Cary Armour about it next day when he stopped by the cubicle where she was using an airbrush on the illustration of a refrigerator full of luscious food. As she finished her tale, his quick dark eyes brightened. She remembered that he boxed at his club gym every Saturday afternoon and was quietly proud of his Sunday punch.

"Now, wait!" she said quickly. "I don't want you taking a punch at that smarty pants. I can't spare any more bother with him."

"Clark, Satterthwaite and Clark. Big outfit. Could give us a lot of business." Cary rucked back and forth on his toes and heels, big and handsome and confident. "Well, it seemed at first like pretty small-town stuff, doing your own laundry—"

Her feet groped for slippers, and she hurried down the hall to the elevator. It slid up and opened its door for her. As she stepped in, she saw him slumped in a corner of the car beside a damp bagful of clothes.

Her breath made a little sibilance. She caught up the bag, used it to prop the door open and tried to drag him out. After a few moments he was able to help himself, and she got him to her apartment, stretched him on the couch, ran to fill an ice bag with cubes from the refrigerator and put it to his head.

He opened his eyes. "Cold—The Deep-Freeze Dian—What happened?"

"You've had a concussion. Could be a fracture. I'm going to call a doctor."

"Wait." He caught her hand, drew her down beside him. "Something important."

"If it's about the lie you told me, it doesn't—"

"Oh, that. That was only—sort of foolish. I just couldn't stand the thought of not seeing you again, of being lumped with all the others. This is something else—very important."

"Cary?"

"Him? He's not important to you."

She didn't deny it. "What is?"

"I've been thinking about it for weeks."

"About what?"

"About your Theory. Not having emotion enough to spread around the million. Know what?"

"What?"

"If you feel dislike and contempt for all of them—that's emotion, isn't it?"

She said in a quiet, small voice, "Yes."

"It was big enough to cover all of them, wasn't it? Would it be so much harder to try to like all of them? To spread a little interest around among 'em?"

She didn't answer. His battered, soiled face, under sandy hair and the ridiculous crown of ice bag set askew, was so full of simple good nature that she couldn't look at it. It was all mixed up with half-forgotten bits of gladness from days in Cobleskill—school picnics and ball games and house parties, where you liked everyone and were happy. This was coming out of a long wrong turning down a lonely dark street.

She listened again to the hum of sounds that dwelt in the air, a never-ending part of it. It seemed warmer now, companionable.

"A million!" she said. "It's an awful lot. Mind if I begin one at a time?" She laid quick, light fingers on his cheek before she sprang up to call the doctor from a few doors down the block. ★

War Is My Business

Continued from page 7

did anything about it but beef when the money was late. But later, when the fighting was over, we once went on strike for three days to get our dough.

That's the kind of an air force we are. War is our business; we fight for cash. Someone has called us cash-and-carry killers. This isn't exactly correct. We're not hired assassins. We're not romantics. We're ordinary guys, a little restless perhaps, who are trying to make a stake at the only trade we know and like.

We took a look at a deal in China. An outfit in the States was offering \$500 a month to fight the Reds. Living conditions are too tough in China, the money isn't good enough and, besides, who wants to work for a firm which has just been declared bankrupt by its biggest backer. The U. S. Government only the other day wrote off the Nationalist chances in China.

So I'm waiting for word from Slick, watching the newspapers to see if any likely clients show up. If something doesn't happen soon I may have to turn to some other kind of work. But this soldier of fortune stuff is for me when I can get it.

Where else can you get as much dough as quickly and as honestly? I've found you can't do it here in peacetime Canada. Besides, the life is good. Great bunch of guys, some of them clowns sure, but all of them good at their business and lots of fun to knock around the world with.

Take our operations chief Slick Goodlin. He was in the RCAF, later transferred to the U. S. Air Corps, and when he got out he went to work for Bell Aircraft Corporation in Buffalo testing its hot jet job, the XS-1. It was Slick's job to bring it along until it just bunted the sonic wall.

When they were close Slick said he wanted dough, big dough paid in advance before he took it through. Bell said it was never its intention to fly the XS-1 through the wall, it was leaving that to the Army; a service pilot eventually did the big test for the Army. Slick quit Bell and came out to Israel where he became the

mercenaries' manager. He gets no extra pay.

Slick says he was the first man to fly through the sonic wall, although his name doesn't appear on the official records. He said he was through for about 20 seconds with the XS-1.

Slick shot down four enemy aircraft in Israel. Altogether the Israeli Air Force shot down 60 enemy planes, mostly Egyptian Spitfires bought from the British. Iraq was supposed to have a hot air force, complete with Vampire jets, but we never saw them. I heard they were short of pilots.

Where Did the Spits Come From?

I guess our fighter squadron was one of the hottest ever assembled. It was made up of Jewish patriots, many of them from South Africa and some from England, and us Canadian and American mercenaries.

Our team included Jack Doyle, of Toronto, who was in the RCAF; Lee Sinclair, a Canadian with the RAF; and Danny Wilson, of Hamilton.

Doyle destroyed about 10 enemy planes.

The fighter force was made up of 12 Messerschmitt 109's (made in Czechoslovakia and not as good as the real thing the Luftwaffe used), ten Mustangs, one Beaufighter and about a dozen Spit 19's. It was these Spitfires, among the latest models, which shot down the five RAF planes near the Egyptian border in the celebrated incident that made everyone so nervous they decided it was time to call this war off.

No, I can't tell you where the Jews got those Spits but I can tell you how they smuggled 10 Beaufighters out of England when the Government had slapped down an export ban on any aircraft destined for Israel.

The Israeli organization in England had bought these war surplus Beaus, a two-engine, two-place aircraft used as a night fighter and intruder, but couldn't get them out of the country. The boys in charge set up a dummy movie company and got permission to make a war film. They even had a camera. The big scene took place on an airfield with a dozen models dressed as WAAF's standing by the tarmac

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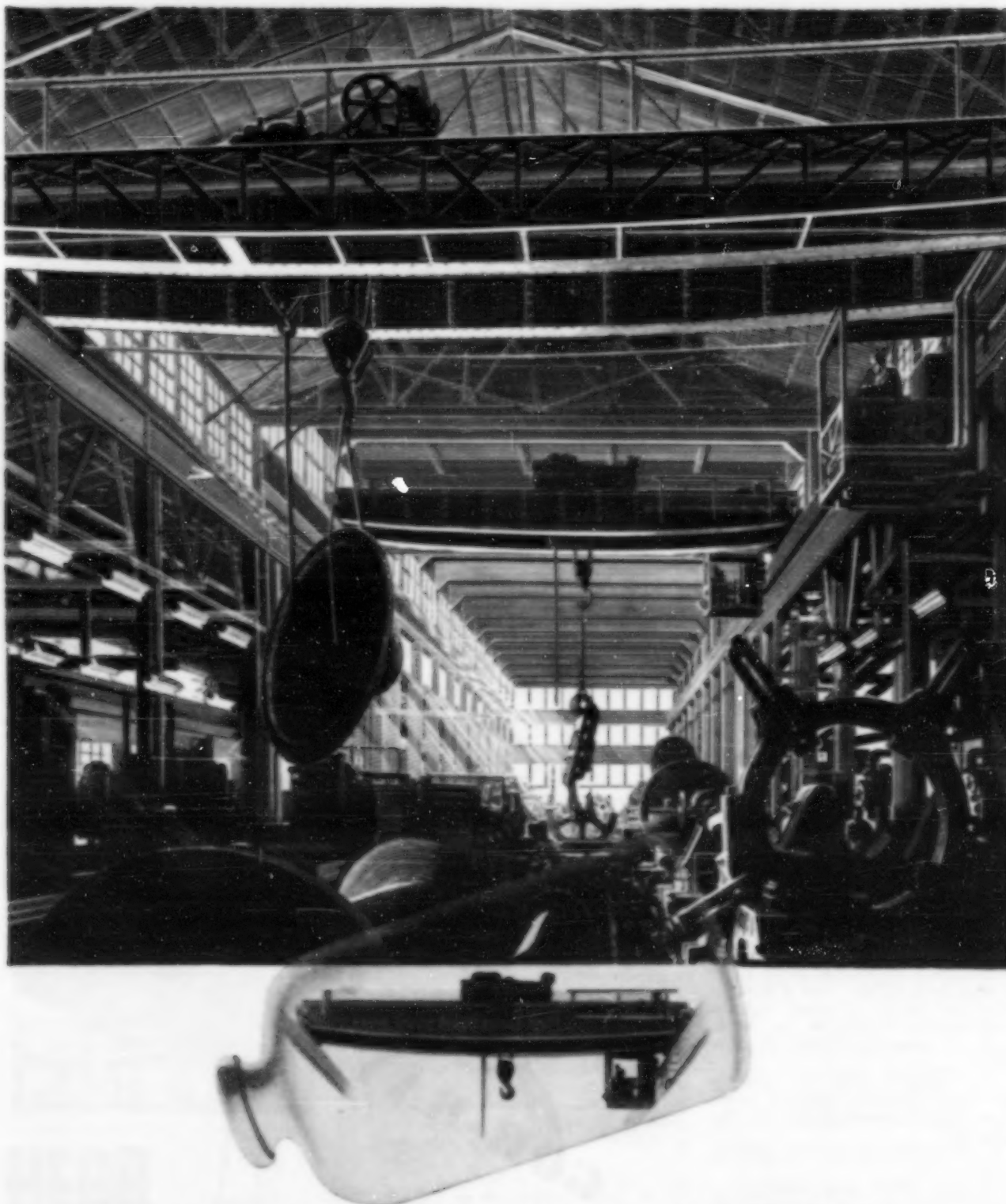
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LYDIA'S eyes felt wide and strained as she looked at Tom Davies, standing there with his back to the machine that was merrily spouting suds—sloop, sloop—all over his heels. Made a fool of me right along—out of me and Cary.

Davies said with his usual cheerful mildness, "So you hate a liar. I was the one who told the lie, Buster. Want to try hating me?"

"Why, I'd love it," Cary said, coming willingly over the dry section of cement, his big hands ready. "I don't like guys that chisel in on my women."

Davies stepped sideways to get out of the pool of suds. He said over his shoulder, "My fault, Lydia, for not putting you straight on Bess. When you said you wouldn't have any time for me if I weren't—"

"So you blame me for forcing you to lie!"

"That's telling him, Lyd," Cary said. "I still hate liars, but I guess this guy's the one that needs this—." He finished with a grunt of effort as he followed a feint with a straight right.

Davies ducked and landed three quick blows—splat! splat! splat!—very fast. He moved smoothly and ably to follow up the advantage. Then his soap-soaked shoes slipped, and he careered, wide open for a second. Cary drove home a heavy hook to the unprotected chin. Davies went flat on his back in the pool of froth, striking his head against the base of the machine. It giggled out a dollop of foam that splashed on his upturned face.

Cary stood looking down at him masterfully before jerking his head at Lydia. "You coming?"

She picked up her basket. She could do her laundry some other night. Any other night. He took the basket from her. She followed him. At the door she glanced back. Tom Davies had scrambled to his feet and was fiddling with the controls of the washer. He glanced up at her with eyes cold and empty.

She turned her back and went to the elevator with Cary. He pressed the button for her floor. As the door closed she touched her finger to the button marked "1." The car stopped at the lobby. She said, "Good night, Cary."

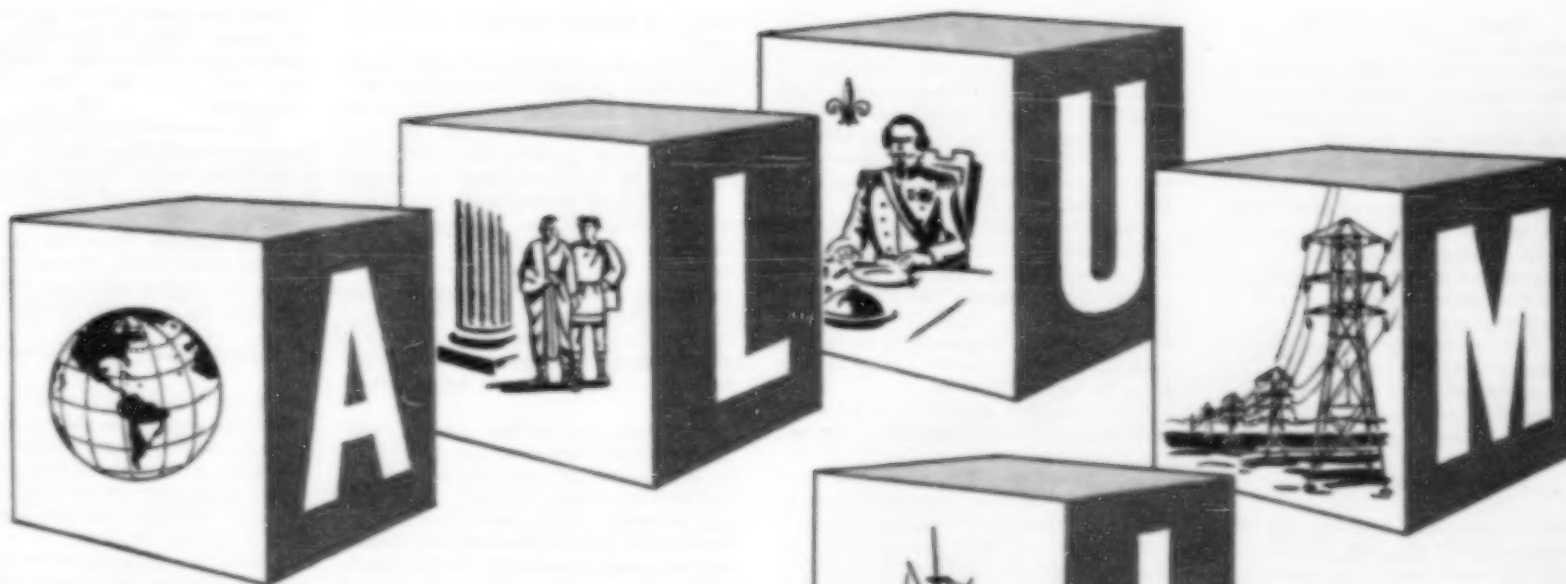
"You're not sore at me?" He was all amiable solicitude now. "For losing my head over the way that heel behaved to you?"

"I'm glad you gave him what he deserved!" Ther she added more gently, "Good night, darling. And thanks."

He kissed the side of her neck and went across the lobby, humming. She closed the elevator door, went up to her apartment, took her bath, put on a housecoat and lay on the bed with a book.

ALL AROUND HER was the sound of life but not a murmur of it that she could identify. Muffled voices were talking on the other side of the wall behind her head—a man and wife? Undoubtedly. Yet she had never bothered to learn their names or anything about them. Across the court, other neighbors prattled. They were as remote from her as if they lived in Baluchistan. Beyond was the mumble of the rest of the city, alien, uncommunicative.

A crushing, horrible wave of loneliness rode over her, chilling and suffocating. In all this horde she knew only one person. Cary. She tried desperately to think of his handsome, sun-tanned features. They would not form before her closed eyes. Instead she saw a face that was dazed and wet, with a silly pendant of foam on one ear and a lost, bewildered vagueness—



A

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L

Long ago the Romans knew it as a salt. They called it "alumen" and used it as a medicine or for dyeing cloth.

U

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M

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I

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N

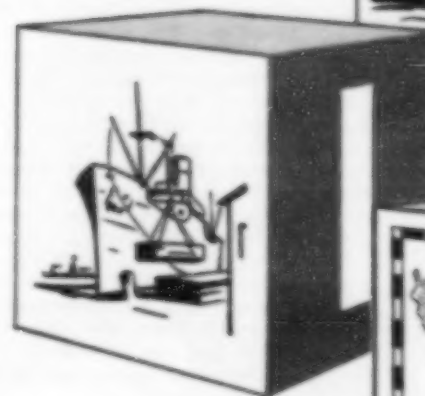
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M

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waving farewell to the pilots as they prepared to take off against the Nazis. The camera ground away and the Beaus took off, and kept right on going.

Remember that B-17 that was playing tag with the RCAF and the U. S. authorities along the Nova Scotia coast last year? Well, it eventually reached its illegal destination and carried bombs to Jass on one of the many raids on that Arab stronghold.

Our bombing force was not nearly as impressive on paper (or in the air) as the fighter squadron. I did a few bombing raids myself soon after I arrived and I did them with a Cub, a small trainer with room for two people. The ones we had didn't even have turn and bank indicators. The bombardier had to pull the pins out of the 25 kilo bombs and just let them drop out the door. The trick was to keep the bomb from hitting a strut and blowing the plane up.

While the Frenchmen Wined

We had some C-46's (Commandos) and C-47's (Dakotas) which were used as bombers, too. The bombing technique here was to toss the bombs out the door the way the RAF did with Bombers in the early days of the war on the Western Desert.

The bombardier was usually a native Palestinian boy, a cadet in training as a pilot. He stood at the open cargo door with a rope tied around his waist so that he wouldn't go out with his bombs. The bombs were passed along to him, he pulled the pin and tossed them out. I understand we scared the devil out of the Arabs.

The rest of our bomber command was made up of some Norwegians, the well-known bushplane of the Canadian North (it was a Norwegian George Beurling was flying to Israel when he crashed and died in Rome); three C-54's, or Skymasters, which were the backbone of our transport command; three Flying Fortresses, including the one which sneaked over from Nova Scotia; and eight Bonanzas, a strictly unwarlike kite made by the Beech people.

The best bombing story of the war came from the days when some scheduled airlines were still flying into Israel. An Air France Dakota lobbed in late one evening and the crew was whisked away to Tel Aviv and what passed for bright lights in that crowded town which was harboring half a mil-

lion people in a space meant for no more than half that number. The French pilots were wined and dined (let's face it, they got drunk as newts) and were poured into bed by their Israeli hosts.

When they went out to the field the next morning to take off they failed to notice their aircraft had been used. I don't think they know yet their plane had been out all night bombing the Arabs.

When I got to Israel late in November the second phase of the war was about to begin. The great need was for pilots and while I was needed on the striking force I was also needed on the training side. Before long I was setting up an elementary flying training school. The idea was to follow the British Empire plan, under which I was trained at Belleville, St. Eugene and Brantford in 1940.

This was fine but someone tried to impose U. S. training methods on RAF procedure. Finally we got a U. S. Navy veteran who wanted to teach everyone to slow fly as though they would be doing carrier landings the rest of their lives.

There was considerable confusion and it was a long time before we got things straightened out. As a matter of fact, when we got there we soon saw there were some guys we were going to have to get rid of. Most of the mercenaries were good men, fine pilots and real guys. Others were as phony as some of the Americans who came up to join the RCAF early in the war.

Look, Ma! No Hands!

The high command of the Israeli Air Force (there were about 10,000 all ranks in the force now) didn't have too much operational experience. The operations chief was a navigator. Who ever heard of a navigator running an air force?

The native Palestinians who run the force have lots of confidence and lots of guts but they're inclined to be cocky. Even the kids I was teaching to fly would be telling me what to do after the fourth lesson. The truth is they weren't too good as fliers. This is easy to understand when you realize that most of them had little to do with machines and most of those coming along for flying instruction couldn't even drive a car.

I remember one student I had by

the name of Rabinovitch. He was a bright kid but he couldn't fly and couldn't land. He just arrived. And if you were in the same kite with him you held your breath until you were down and then shook hands with yourself in congratulation.

He had shown a particular lack of skill in getting out of spins. He would take his hands off the controls and close his eyes in this situation. I was faced with the necessity of washing him out but before I did this I wanted to give him one more chance.

I took him up to 4,000 feet and put the Cub into a spin and told him to get it out. We spun down and down. I looked at Rabinovitch and he had not only taken his hands off the controls and was hanging onto the crossbar but had taken his feet off as well.

We were down to 1,500 feet. He would never learn to come out of spins I swiftly decided and brought it out myself. When we had landed he gave me a friendly grin and said, "Well, how did you like that?"

When I first got to the country we were stationed at St. Jean's, a former RAF refit drome. We lived in a hotel there and we lived well. We were later moved to Hertaeliya, north of Tel Aviv, where we were billeted in DP houses and the food was terrible. My weight dropped from 270 to 230 pounds. It was my weight, incidentally, that prevented me from getting back into the RCAF when I saw them a year ago. My weight, and, I suppose, the fact that I am now 37.

We lived a fairly simple life. We didn't have enough money to live any other way. Our idea of relaxation was to go down to a hotel and get a couple of bottles of brandy and sit around.

There was a club called the Fish Pond where we used to go. In the middle of the place was a pool full of ornamental fish. The mercenaries had a habit of taking off their shoes and socks as the evening progressed and wading in pursuit of the fish. This always puzzled the Israelis who sometimes thought we were crazy. Maybe they were right.

Christmas Eve they gave us a big party and in the morning sent a bus around to take us to mass. The mercenaries went to mass in a body although only three were Catholics. There was a lot of drinking and horseplay in the bus but everyone behaved in church.

After the service the Israelis threw

a big Christmas dinner for us. They had the works. No turkey, but chicken—a real treat in a country where food was scarce.

There were more drinks and the party begun the night before continued. As the proceedings drew to a close it was decided that it would be a nice thing if one of our boys said a few words of appreciation to our hosts. We cast around looking for someone who was in fairly good shape and chose, unwisely as it turned out, a fighter pilot from Cleveland.

Stanley Got the Brushoff

He rose to his feet and balancing himself with his finger tips gently placed on the tablecloth gravely addressed our hosts, "Mr. Chairman . . ." He paused. "Would you be so kind as to direct me to the men's washroom." Best speech I ever heard.

I liked Israel and I liked the people. They are doing a wonderful job under tremendous difficulties. They are sticking to their policy of letting all Jews in. This is a wonderful thing to see but it creates big problems. Many of these people are sick and almost childish from so many years spent in concentration camps that they are not much use to the state. They need labor there, too.

I remember there was a lot of talk about whether the Israelis would allow Sidney Stanley, who figured in the Belcher graft probe in England, into the country. We were talking about it in a bar one night when Stanley himself came up and offered to buy us mercenaries a drink. We told him to drop dead.

The boys who are the power in the drive to build the country are the native Palestinians. I have already described them as cocky and independent. They are hard working and smart, too. If they can keep their country out of war I think they have good chance for success.

I could go back to Israel any time I want to, they said. But it would have to be on a long-term contract to work on their training program. I'd rather wait and see what Slick lines up for Mercenaries Inc.

There are ten Mitchells down in Mexico we could get cheap. They're fast, you don't need a platoon to fly them, just four men, and they carry 4,000 pounds of bombs. We could use them in our business. ★

Queen of the Midway

Continued from page 9

30's she came out of hospital alone and broke in Montreal after a bout of pneumonia. All she owned was a pet lion, now a lusty adolescent. Her next chance of earning money was three weeks off when the carnival was due from the West. How to live until it arrived?

She rented a large basement apartment in a middle-class suburb. During the night she collected her lion from the kennels where she had been boarding it and smuggled it into her new home. For three days Leo was quiet. Then, as she expected, he vented a tremendous roar of boredom.

Jean remembers the landlord's ash-white face pressed against the basement window. She remembers Leo backing up then 600 lbs. of flesh thudded against the window frame an inch from the landlord's nose. There was a tinkle of glass, then silence.

It took the landlord a full minute to rise from his swoon. He ran down the garden shouting: "Lions! Lions!"

Leo curled up on the floor and went to sleep. Jean relaxed and waited for the police—and the reporters. In three hours she was on the front page of the Montreal Star. Two hundred people milled in the street outside. From all over the city people drove to look at "the lion in the basement."

"You get that lion outta here!" yelled the landlord. "Yea," called the police, "get it out." Jean yawned. Then, laconically, "You get it out."

The deadlock lasted a week. Jean charged the night-neers 10 cents a peep at Leo. She got enough cash to pay the landlord rent plus pacification money, get herself into a hotel, and later buy Leo a wife.

At the beginning of the war she had five lions, a puma, a bear and two dogs working in the same act.

"I broke 'em all in myself," she says. "You get them young and start on a simple routine, just like you teach a puppy to beg. You keep doing the same thing, hour after hour, day after day. Gradually you elaborate the tricks. The secret is never let them get hurt during a trick. They must have absolute confidence in you. If

they get a shock they won't work."

To teach a lion to ride in a sidecar round the Motordrome she placed it when a cub in the bottom of the pit to get used to the noise. Then she rode it slowly around for weeks. Each week she increased the speed of the machine. Finally the lion thought nothing of it.

She Breaks the Girls In

Jean used a chair to feed lions off. If they got too tough she fired a blank cartridge in their face. "Actually they like to play with humans like a cat plays with a mouse," she adds. "The thing to know is how far to let the play go. Every lion is different. If things get too hot you just call the training off for the day."

In 1940 Jean Nanson sold her lions and went into burlesque. Frank Conklin said: "Getting smart, eh?" Jean said: "Well I must admit there's just as much money in it and a little less risk."

Over coffee in the club car she told me: "I broke the girls in myself. They're more unpredictable than lions,

but at least they don't try to savage you." She changed her girls often. "Never show the same girls in the same place twice." Most of her performers were the young wives of carnival men working with different outfits. Only one was single. One of the prettiest had two young children.

Jean teaches them the strip, the hula, and the Hawaiian. She doesn't set a very high standard. "The men don't come to see the dance," she said.

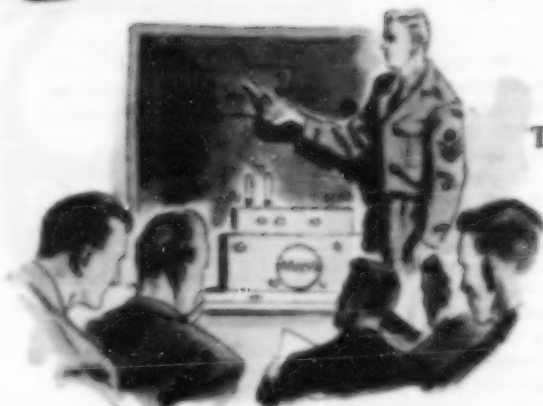
That morning in Three Rivers she was busy cooling down her program. Out West and in Ontario she could pose girls in a G-string and put a couple of risqué songs into the show. In Quebec they have to wear one-piece bathing suits under their costumes.

While the Conklin show fitted up the giant Meccano sets into gaudy booths and thrilling rides impatient children swarmed all over the Three Rivers Exhibition Park on a hill above the town.

Jean Nanson strolled over to the skeleton of Gay Paree. A couple of girls were arranging costumes in a dressing-room trailer that gave onto the

Continued on page 60

Not just a job but a way of life



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No. 2 Personnel Depot, Woodstock Road, Fredericton, N.B.
No. 3 Personnel Depot, The Citadel, Quebec, P.Q.
No. 4 Personnel Depot, 3530 Atwater Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
Room 2218, "C" Bldg., Liger St., Ottawa, Ont.
No. 5 Personnel Depot, King St. West, Kingston, Ont.
No. 11 Personnel Depot, 4th Ave. & Highbury St., Jericho, Vancouver, B.C.

No. 6 Personnel Depot, Chorley Park, Douglas Drive, Toronto, Ont.
No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wolseley Barracks, Elizabeth St., London, Ont.
No. 8 Personnel Depot, Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Man.
No. 9 Personnel Depot, National Defence Bldg., Winnipeg & Eighth Ave., Regina, Sask.
No. 10 Personnel Depot, Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.
Headquarters, Western Command, Kingsway Ave., Edmonton, Alta.



Continued from page 58
back of the stage.

As Jean moved through the embryo Midway unshaven oil-slicked men with eyes red from lack of sleep came up to ask where she wanted a ticket booth placed, what about the bust tire on the Harley Davidson, had she got the live rabbits for the snakes' monthly dinner, please would she come and listen to a local guitar trio?

She gave quick answers, rapped out terse instructions, bawled out a show girl for fetching a wrong type of electric fitting from town. She noticed a bunch of casual laborers on her payroll idling about so she bellowed at them. When they gaped foolishly she yelled at them in French. That set them skipping.

Never Speak of Rain

"Men don't like working for the average woman," she said. "I get their loyalty by knowing more about the job than they do, paying them fair wages and firing them for one word of insolence."

At that moment she could look on 10 full-time keymen who traveled with her show at wages ranging from \$50 to \$75 a week and 30 casuals hired locally at 75 cents an hour. She employed six showgirls at around \$40 a week each and three motorcycle trick riders at \$100 plus bonus.

On a good day, Jean said, the girl show might take \$1,000, the motorbike show around \$750, and the snake show and monkey show considerably less.

"It's a tricky business," said Jean. "Is a wet week we lose literally thousands through unavoidable overheads like wages and traveling expenses. We never speak of rain."

In the Pit of Death she pointed to two pythons, perhaps 20 feet long. "They're uninsurable," she said. "If one of those dies of cold because the power heating goes off, bang goes a thousand bucks."

A big black alligator with one eye shot out lay comatose in three inches

of dirty water at the bottom of a coffin-like tank. A soaked empty cigarette packet lay under his tail. Jean agreed that the alligator, Roscoe, looked a bit dopey. "But heck," she said, "they're always dopey and a darned good job too. Every winter we send Roscoe to an alligator farm in Florida. That does him a world of good."

She didn't think it was cruel to let little Javanese monkeys whirl round and round a saucer track in miniature cars at Monkeyland. "They're just like kids," she says. "They love it. Why they even take the motors to bits if you don't watch them. Loose screws seem to fascinate them."

The monkeys appeared to be very fond of her. "Most people," she said, underestimate the intelligence of animals. When you live with them for years, as I've done, you realize some amazing things go on in their heads."

At lunch time Jean changed into an expensive green suit, a cute little hat, and pinned a good cut of her capital onto her corsage in diamond clasps. Then she joined a little party given by Mrs. Marie Cortez in the French restaurant of the Chateau de Blois.

Mrs. Cortez had a splendid silver coiffure, many jewels and the soft voice and sure manners of a Kentucky dowager. For many years she and her husband Pete had run a freak show. They pay their nine freaks a total of \$1,200 a week.

Fortune From a Wheel

Also at lunch were Prince Denny and his wife, Lady Ethel, two perfectly proportioned midgets who were married at the World's Fair at Chicago before 10,000 spectators in 1933. Another guest was The Great Milan, a blond, languid Englishman who emigrated from Leeds early this year and now does a mind-reading act in Canadian carnival.

Then there was Tom Murphy, a burly Irish-American who makes enough money out of a wheel of fortune to

winter in Florida and buy a new Buick annually.

They were joined by an intelligent Californian woman in her middle 30's who was a registered nurse and whose job now is looking after the Mexican Monkey Girl, a 60-year-old pinhead dwarf with the intellect of an infant.

Mrs. Cortez smiled sweetly and did the ordering. Prince Denny and his wife did plenty of talking. He was born on the Riviera, trained as a watchmaker, and took to show business for obvious reasons. Lady Ethel was born in Chicago where the couple still own a permanent home with midget furniture supplied gratis by Marshall Field.

"I loathe my midget chairs," said Lady Ethel, swinging her tiny legs. Prince Denny commented that he lost \$16,000 in a bank failure. "But we got by okay. Ethel and I have done very well." Lady Ethel said the Prince was as good a husband as he was a businessman. "Last night he raised Cain with the management because we hadn't enough blankets."

The Great Milan put in gravely, "I also find these sudden changes of temperature here quite trying." Jean Nanson clapped her hands and said what "a lovely English accent." Actually the man spoke in the flat adenoidal tones of England's northern cities.

Then The Great Milan won \$5 from a total stranger in the dining room by guessing his mother's two Christian names.

Mrs. Cortez picked up the luncheon bill for \$28.

In the afternoon Jean returned to the carnival and met her husband who had arrived from Montreal with the new race game. "Boy, that's good," she exulted. "Think of the time saving. No packing up. All you have to do is close the doors and drive away."

Her husband talked of his motor-cycling days and showed a big scar on his leg. "Some people say riding round a vertical wall is easy because centrifugal force keeps you there. Well, I'll

admit it's just a tiny bit easier than it looks. But if the engine cuts out when you have your hands in the air and your feet over the bars—whammy!"

Jean was two hours late opening that night because the lights in Gay Paree wouldn't work. When finally they got going there was not a soul outside the big top.

She stepped onto the outside dais in her white frock. She started talking into the mikes. It took precisely 60 seconds to gather a crowd of 100.

Horrors, Hulas, Hocus-Focus

Quietly Jean said, "Ballet, please." On this signal the dancing girls and the guitar trio stepped from behind the curtain. It was chilly and most of the girls wore day coats over their costumes. Sparked by the age-old spiel the come-on started.

Down the glittering, raucous midway Prince Denny and Lady Ethel were smiling from their tiny stage at gawping crowds; Neilson, the tattooed man, was getting gasps of horror by lifting an anvil on two iron rings driven through his breast muscles; The Great Milan was solemnly beckoning the faithful to communion with the stars; a hula girl ran down to double as a pillion rider in the Motoordrome; Roscoe the alligator stirred uneasily in the blinding light; the monkeys, chained to their cars, drove round and round in the deafening din of single-cylinder engines; couples soared aloft for a furtive cuddle on the Ferris Wheel; a drunk lay half smothered in wood shavings under the lee of a tent; and the nickels, dimes and quarters rattled into the silver stream which annually becomes a \$3 million pool for Canada's showmen.

"You know," said Jean, "my dad tried to keep me out of this business. He wanted me to be a stenographer. But I always say to him: 'Did you ever hitch one of your circus mares to a plow?'" ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Edouard Rinfret. The solicitor-general has no department at all—he acts as a sort of assistant to the minister of justice. Actually the portfolio had been extinct for some years until it was revived in 1945 to make room for Hon. Joseph Jean. As for the postmaster-general, his department runs itself.

But for practical politics and general party morale, the new appointments mean a lot.

In the old days, the great Liberal fortress of Quebec was suitably represented in the Cabinet by three towering political figures, Ernest Lapointe, Fernand Rinfret and P. J. A. Cardin. Their portfolios were not of great importance, except in the case of Mr. Lapointe; their stature in French Canada was their own, and it was imposing.

Since the Big Three died, the French-speaking ministers from Quebec have been less imposing, except of course for Prime Minister St. Laurent himself. Messrs. Jean and Bertrand, the retiring ministers now translated to the bench, were regarded as good fellows personally, but neither was a great or even a good politician. Liberal organization in Quebec, which had been superb under the Big Three, became sloppy and inefficient.

Whether Messrs. Lapointe and Rinfret will develop into such giants as their predecessors only time will tell. At any rate they are both able, in-

telligent and young—Lapointe is 38, Rinfret 44—and their appointment surprised no one except the numerous other young Quebec M.P.'s who had hoped for Cabinet jobs themselves.

Both enjoy the somewhat doubtful advantage, in politics, of very distinguished parentage. Bob Lapointe is the son of the great Ernest who for so many years was Mackenzie King's right hand. Edouard is the son of Rt. Hon. Thibaudeau Rinfret, Chief Justice of Canada. Both have had some difficulty getting out from under Father's shadow, but both have succeeded.

They are also alike in being comparative newcomers to the House of Commons. Rinfret has had only one term in Parliament. Lapointe was first elected in 1940, and his father had the proud privilege of introducing him to the House, but he soon went overseas with the Chaudière Regiment and didn't come back until 1945 (he was among the troops who landed in Normandy on D-Day). So his actual experience as an M.P. has all been in the past four years.

Rinfret has had no parliamentary office, but has been a busy and effective man on committees. Lapointe has been parliamentary assistant first to Doug Abbott and Brooke Claxton at National Defence, lately to Mike Pearson at External Affairs; he was a delegate to the United Nations Assembly at Paris last year and was to have gone to Lake Success in the same capacity this fall.

Altogether they are a promising pair.

Powerful as the Liberals look with their massive majority in Ottawa, they have two great gaps in their armor. In the two biggest and wealthiest provinces of Canada, Quebec and Ontario, the Liberal Party is not merely out of power but sees no prospect of getting in. It has leadership trouble.

The province in which the Liberals should have least trouble in picking a new leader is Ontario, where the old leader has just resigned. Farquhar Oliver was chosen Ontario Liberal chief only two years ago. After the shellacking he got from both Conservatives and CCF last year, Mr. Oliver saw the handwriting on the wall.

For his successor, rumor nominates Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare. Mr. Martin has been urged by some very potent Liberals to take the arduous, perilous job of reviving Ontario Liberalism, and he has promised them to think it over carefully before saying no.

If he does say no, some people think the next choice would be Walter Harris, the hustling young M.P. for Grey Bruce who is parliamentary assistant to Prime Minister St. Laurent. However, Mr. Harris thinks he is in line for a cabinet job before long, and a good many observers are inclined to agree with him. The job of organization he did in the election campaign in Western Ontario attracted the personal notice of Mr. St. Laurent. He too may prefer the comfort and safety of an Ottawa seat to a slit trench in Queen's Park.

Whenever the party makes up its

mind, Mr. Oliver will likely become a senator.

• • •

In Quebec the Liberal situation is much gloomier. Ex-Leader Adolphe Godbout has already reached the haven of the Senate, but he leaves a great emptiness behind.

Half a dozen men have been mentioned for the job. Hon. Edouard Rinfret, the new Postmaster-General, is said to have turned it down last summer. Guy Roberge, the young Quebec lawyer who is Bob Lapointe's running mate in Lothbinière County, is a potential candidate—he's an able and popular man whose liberalism can be spelled with or without the capital L. But he is a suspect in the eyes of the clergy, who think he's anticlerical; also, he hasn't up to now made any effort to win support.

A new and potent name among the aspirants for Quebec leadership is Georges Emile Lapalme, federal M.P. for Joliette-L'Assomption-Montcalm. Lapalme has been a rather obscure figure during his four years at Ottawa, but he's a powerful campaign speaker in his own language and a good politician. In the recent federal campaign he had against him one of the best and costliest of all the Duplessis machines, guided by Quebec Labor Minister Antonio Barrette, but he won by a wide margin.

But there is no one, so far, who is recognized by anything approaching a majority of the party as the right kind of leadership material. ★



WIT AND WISDOM



Progress or Regress—If, in the last few years, you haven't discarded a major opinion, or acquired a new one, investigate and see if you're not growing senile. — *Stratford Beacon Herald*.

The New Paternalism—It is getting tougher and tougher to support a wife, a family and a government on one income. — *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Moo-ed Music—Scientists say that music makes cows happy. The *Ottawa Citizen* suggests that this might make cows the laughing stock of the farm. — *Peterborough Examiner*.

Handy For the High Ones, Though—News story says an inventor has designed an airplane for landing on tennis courts. Seems to us that would unnecessarily complicate the game. — *Kingston Whig Standard*.

Watch That Homework!—Not content with the state of our own unfortunate planet, scientists are now laying plans for an expedition

to the moon. It would be nice if we put our own house in order before embarking on another part of the universe. — *Bruckville Recorder-Times*.

Or an Ice Cream Architect—With all the high-falutin' titles that are being created these days we can expect the boy who looks after the inkwells and paper to call himself a stationery engineer and the soda-jerk to refer to himself as a fizzician. — *Victoria Colonist*.

Well — Aren't They? — Many people today are speeding down the road to hell as though they were going to a fire. — *Niagara Falls Review*.

Unhappy F8—Weep to the tale of Will T8, Who met a girl whose name was K8 He courted her at a fearful R8, And begged her to become his M8. "I would if I could," said lovely K8 "I pity your lonely, unhappy ST8, "But, alas! you've come too L8—" "I'm married already. The mother of 8." — *Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



"... Boy oh boy ... Whatta' gain!"

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MAILBAG

You Get "Vile Brew" In the U.S., Too

I have just been reading "And Good Coffee's so Easy to Make" (Aug. 15). The idea that the coffee served to people in the good old U. S. A. is so much better than the Canadian is the bunk. I spent 18 months over there and I drank some of the most vile brews, just as bad as the worst to be found in Canada. It seems to me it is just a case of if you say a thing often enough a lot of people will believe it. —J. A. P., Hamilton

● The coffee you buy in the U. S. is altogether different, and I'm speaking from experience. U. S. coffee really smells like coffee when you buy it, but some of the well-known brands we have to take here, one sometimes wonders if it really is coffee. —D. Wall, Montreal.

● I consider this one of the most comprehensive articles on coffee I have seen anywhere. —Ellen Seltonstall, Publicity Director, Pan-American Coffee Bureau, New York, N.Y.

● Tried this out and really learned something. Thanks. —Brian O. Smith, Sudbury, Ont.

Hurray for Hobson

This is a belated, but sincere appreciation of Rich Hobson's story ("The Horse That Wouldn't Die") in June 15. I was in hospital and got caught up on my reading, and liked the above author's story so much that I hope he can soon write some more for Maclean's. —Mrs. M. Graham, Strome, Alta.

Cloak and Dagger Fan

I am writing to congratulate you on the story "Cloak and Dagger Marriage" (Aug. 15). I have read your stories ever since I can remember, but this one had them all beat. How about some more of them? —D. Millard, Waskada, Man.

Winning of the Yukon

In "Runway to the World" (Aug. 1) it is stated that "Matt Berry now sits at Ottawa as Independent member of Parliament for the Yukon." Our records indicate that the Liberal candidate

won the seat, not representative of the "Yukon" but of "Yukon-Mackenzie River," as the reorganized constituency now is called. —E. E. Gardiner, Editor, Northern Echo, High Prairie, Alta.

(Editor Gardiner is right; in the final returns James A. Simmonds, Liberal, won the seat by about 1,000 votes.—The Editors)

Ten-Year-Old Wanted

I wonder if any reader of Maclean's would have a copy of the magazine for February 15, 1939, which they might be good enough to send to me? This issue contained an article about Ontario forestry radio stations entitled "Done Without Wires." I am the chap who built the radio stations described in the article and I lost my copy in an air raid over here during the war. —Jimmy Watson, 7 Coolidge Road, Folkestone, Kent, England.

Paintings or Photos

I consider Maclean's among the top of the list in its class. My one objection is the idiotic pictures on the covers. The average Canadian positively does not care for drawings of any sort as cover for magazines—and I am one of them. Why in heck do you not put Canadian scenes, pictures of Canadian wild life, her towns, or things strictly Canadian such as a series of the different big-game animals, birds, fishes—her mountains etc., etc., which would be educational and interesting to people wishing to read a Canadian magazine? —E. S. Baptiste, Armstrong, B.C.

(When Maclean's quizzed its readers about covers last Jan. 1, the two winners in 1948 were drawn art.—The Editors.)

Anybody Got a Dollar?

I'd like to ask the quiz author ("Take a Number," July 1) to take another good look at a \$1 bill. He says the denomination is repeated 56 times on this bill; we count no fewer than 121. It takes good eyes and a close look to see the extra 65 on the strip under his Majesty's picture on the face of the bill. —Mrs. C. Ulmer, Red Deer, Alta.





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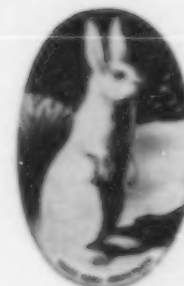


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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A CALGARY radio announcer recently interviewed a prairie pioneer rich in years and experience. The talk covered the usual ground — good years, bad years, cleanup and dry-out... "How many children have you?" queried the announcer. "Ten," sputtered the old fellow. "How many grandchildren?" "Fourteen." "Great grandchildren?" "Just 34." "Well, well," exclaimed the announcer. "You've had it tough at times, and there's been plenty of work. But you've got a fine family

he needed a rest, too—or anyway a change. It worked, too. The game warden's three weeks in bed and the doc's three weeks up at his cabin—skiing—did them both a world of good."

...

A farmer from the Mono Road district of Ontario took a motor trip east and returned subsequently to report that for sheer, ornery traffic jams Montreal's St. Catherine St. takes the blue ribbon Best-in-Show. "The tie-ups were so bad I sat there one day for three quarters of an hour while my traffic lane didn't move an inch, till I found out it was the tail end of a taxi stand."

...



to show for it and I'll bet if you had your life to live over again you'd do exactly the same—wouldn't you, sir?"

There was a long silence as the old man thought it over, and finally quavered, "Don't think I could stand it!"

...

Couple of ardent Montreal fishermen were happily swapping the carefully harvested lies of an active summer season at lunch one day when they realized their mutual acquaintance wasn't joining in. "How about you, Charlie—get any good ones this year?" asked one chap politely.

Charlie came to with an obvious jerk. "Ah—no. Don't do much fishing myself but I was thinking of a doctor friend of mine who has a ski cabin up north, except he seldom skis. Instead he goes fishing through the ice. Got a lovely mess of trout one week end early last winter—"

"But at that time of year, trout..." exclaimed one of the dry-fly pair, horrified.

"Oh you're so right," agreed the narrator, frowning his disapproval. "In fact, that's just the point. Game warden caught him with the lot and he had to fork out a \$57 fine."

"But the game warden had his troubles, too—stomach. Developed the following week end when he came groaning around to see the doc. And the doc took it pretty serious; told him when a man's past 40 he can't be traipsing about the bush in all weather without feeling it... Finally ordered him to bed for three weeks, and phoned his wife to make sure he stayed there."

"The doc's been pretty busy himself, the last few years, so he decided

City fellow in Ontario who decided to buy himself a farm spent weeks looking over properties, and when he'd located the obvious choice he investigated everything with the thoroughness of a stranger determined not to get the worst of any horse deal. An engineer, he knew his stuff: poked holes in the plaster, investigated studs, joists and eaves, and prowled endlessly over the barn and through the fields. Made several visits before



he closed the deal, and each time he took a reassuring look down the well—which despite a long dry spell was always adequately stocked with clear cool water. So he bought the place and discovered, a week later when the well went dry, that the previous owner had been thoughtfully stocking it from a well on another property.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address *Parade*, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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